

NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1904.

NO. I.

MR. ASHHURST ON MR. MALLOCK'S TITLE-PAGES AND ON SHAKESPEARE AND JOHN DAVIES. A REPLY.

Mr. R. L. Ashhurst's construction of Mr. Mallock's Title-Pages in the October, 1903, *NEW SHAKESPEAREANA* is acute, clever and ingenious. Mr. Mallock's articles in the *Pall Mall Magazine* have thus been valuable at the very least in drawing out much interesting discussion. While I am not disposed to champion very vigorously Mr. Mallock's interpretations of the title-pages offered by him, it appears to me that they are by no means as unreasonable as Mr. Ashhurst seems to think.

In the first place, in regard to the title-page to the *Montaigne Essays*. At the time of the publication of the first two books (1580), Bacon was nineteen years old, and had been three years out of college. Now there does not seem anything inherently improbable in a very precocious young man of nineteen with a college education writing a volume of essays; and these are certainly very much the kind of essays Bacon would be likely to write.

Mr. Ashhurst says that "in 1577 Bacon went to France a sickly lad in the suite of Sir Amyas Paulet, in charge of a tutor, Mr. Duncombe." Now I do not know in exactly what capacity Mr. Duncombe accompanied the party, perhaps to assist in some special study that Bacon was engaged in, but the idea of a tutor, in the ordinary sense of the word, being in charge of a young man of nineteen, an attaché of the embassy, and one who had left Cambridge two years before because it had no more to teach him, is of course impossible. The state of Francis Bacon's health does not seem to have much bearing on the subject; how much of the world's great work has been done by people in feeble health!

Bacon at the age of thirty-one began to feel old, and the author of the *Montaigne Essays* expressed the opinion that a man ought to do as good work at twenty as he ever would. "For my part," he says, "I believe our souls are as adult at twenty as they are like ever to be, and as capable as ever." Now this is what one would be more likely to write at nineteen than at forty-seven; when I remember that Shelley wrote *Queen Mab* at nineteen and Chatterton died at seventeen, the inherent improbability of Bacon's writing the *Essays* on account of his youth and delicate health does not impress me at all, but of course that by no means goes to prove that he did write them.

The title-page to the *Faery Queen* is certainly curious, and the explanations given by the opponents of Mr. Mallock's interpretation seem to differ among themselves as much as they do from Mr. Mallock's. Mr. Greg, in the *Library* for April, 1903, explains the symbolology as corresponding accurately with Sidney and his *Arcadia*, while Mr. Ashhurst points out an equally close resemblance between the *Faery Queen* and the *Shepherd's Calendar*! Mr. Ashhurst thinks that the creature on the top is a boar, but not the Bacon boar. Mr. Greg says it is a porcupine. Conventionally, it may be a porcupine, but it requires a long stretch of the imagination. Of course, to fit Mr. Mallock's theory it is entirely unnecessary to suppose that the figure on the left is intended as an actual representation of the Earl of Leicester or the other figure actually the Queen. That they bear their respective emblems is enough. Absolute portraits would have been rather too startling. If the title-page is symbolic of Spenser's life and of the *Faery Queen*, what is it doing in Sidney's *Arcadia* in 1593? As for Mr. Ashhurst's explanation of the picture at the bottom with the stream dividing the two countries, England and Ireland, I will make no comment, but really people who are as ingenious as that ought not to find fault with the vagaries of the Baconians.

In reference to the title-page of the Gustavus Selenus book on Ciphers, Mr. Ashhurst asks some questions which may open up a very interesting field of investigation.

Heinrich Julius, Duke of Brunswick, was born at Cassel in 1564, and acceded to the Ducal throne in 1589. His father and predecessor, Julius, is mentioned in *Notes on the State of Christendom*, which, if Bacon did not write, he was certainly familiar with. This Heinrich Julius was probably the greatest and most powerful patron of the Arts—especially of Dramatic Art—of his time. In his castle at Wolfenbüttel he maintained a theatre, to which he brought actors from all over Europe. He was the

founder of the theatre in Germany. He was a man of the widest interest and learning; perhaps, with the exception of Bacon, the most learned man in Europe. He married the Princess Elizabeth of Denmark, thus becoming the brother-in-law of his particular friend, James I., and uncle to Charles I. of England and to Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, who was a correspondent of Bacon. Are not mutual interest between this Duke and Bacon fairly well established, and is it likely that they were unacquainted, or that the Duke could not speak English?

Moreover, among the companies of players brought by him to Wolfenbüttel was the Earl of Leicester's company—the very company of which Shaksper was a member. It is not of record that Shaksper was of the party, but some of his companions were, and undoubtedly Shakespeare Plays were there presented. The Duke appears to have been an enthusiast for the New English Drama and for the New Philosophy. That Bacon never mentions him, so far as we know, is almost as great a mystery as that he never mentions Shakespeare. That Heinrich Julius knew about Bacon indeed hardly admits of a doubt. If Bacon had any hand in the Shakespeare Drama, few men in the world would be more likely to know it. It will be very interesting, indeed, if it shall be proved that this strong burg in this little mediæval town was the cradle of the English Drama, as it surely was of the German! No likelier place to find the key to the Shakespeare-Bacon mystery can be imagined than right here!

This Julius Heinrich, however, died in 1613, and of course was not the author of the *Gustavus Selenus* book. This appeared in 1624 and was written by Augustus, who was born in 1579 and succeeded to the Dukedom in 1636. He maintained the family traditions, he was a lover of books and a learned theologian. He was the founder of the great Library at Wolfenbüttel. He was called "*Senex Divinus*"—though, of course, not till long after the time of the publication of the book in question, when he was thirty-five. He was hardly more likely to be ignorant of Bacon than was Heinrich Julius.

As to Mr. Mallock's theory that the title-page is symbolic of the transmission of cipher messages, I know that Augustus himself left a somewhat similar explanation, but surely it is unlikely, not to say incredible, that a reasonable being proposing to unfold a mystery in a cryptogram, would accompany it with a full explanation and interpretation in detail! Such a proceeding as that would have been by far the most remarkable thing in the whole remarkable business. But as a matter of fact Augustus did nothing so absurd. Here is his actual letter of instructions to the Kilians,

the firm of engravers who prepared the cryptogrammatic title-page to the *Gustavus Selenus Cryptomenytices*. (Of course, the capitals are my own):

"My affectionate greeting and kindest wishes to you always, honoured, dear and particular friend.

"We wish you would unofficially inquire of the Kilians whether they have at this time any other copperplates besides mine which must be looked after and given any precedence to, for we should like to send our designs among the first; these may serve as an augmentation of the *Stenographia*. Then they may cast about for a fine model to be placed in the front of the book. The size will be like that of the *Schachbuch* [Chessbook], and the portrait of Trithemius must be brought into the frontispiece. I printed a book in quarto at Ingolstadt in 1614, the title of which is '*Trithemius sui ipsius vindex*,' edited by Father Sigismond of Seon, in which his portrait may be found. If he were shown sitting at a table and writing, with some one standing behind him and holding his cap or mitre aloft, it might be à propos. Then the post might be represented, sent by foot, by horse, by land and by water, as letters despatched hither and thither; and as further material, the sending of SECRET letters might be depicted. If a sketch of this kind were sent to me, it might remind me of other things and further the work. He who takes the mitre from the Abbot, and whose head is uncovered, might perhaps be made like Gustavus Selenus, as the physiognomy appears in the print where he is playing at a table in the Chessbook, but brought into harmony with the new environment by the Kilians.

"I remain yours with kindly affection,

"AUGUSTUS.

"HITZGER, 27 May, 1620."

Is not this just as inexplicit as necessary? It conveys exactly what the details are to be—exactly what models the engravers are to follow. He naïvely suggests that he himself may be selected as the model for the person lifting the cap. (Perhaps Appleton Morgan hit the nail squarely on the head when he made that suggestion about the Kesselstadt bust.) And then, he says, in just as many words as are necessary to convey, as it were, off-hand and casually, the impression that he is really trying to devote the whole contrivance to expressing: "And as further material, the sending of SECRET LETTERS might be depicted." Could anything be more artful?

In regard to the three title-pages of acknowledged Baconan works, I

shall have very little to say. I do not believe that the title-page to Henry VII. has anything to do with Shakespeare. The *Sermones Fideles* title-page does seem to suggest that Bacon's fame is associated with something that soars above the ground. In regard to the last title-page, that of *De Augmentis*, I hardly see how an explanation more or less in accordance with Mr. Mallock's can be escaped. The person sitting at the table with his hand on an open folio is certainly Lord Bacon. The figure is surely clad in a goat-skin, which is certainly symbolic of the Drama. His false breasts (denoting an actor) are very apparent in the original, whether Mr. Ashhurst has been able to detect them in our replicas or not. The open book on the table is certainly very suggestive, and the youth is certainly carrying the clasped book to the Temple of Fame.

In regard to the testimony of John Davies—Davies was a writing teacher and a man of learning; but if he had known much about poetry probably he would have suppressed his own.

He deposes as follows: that he loved the Players and their quality; that R. B. and W S. had not been "abused"—meaning, I suppose, corrupted—by their calling; that some he loved for painting, poesy"; that they were men of "wit, courage, good shape, good parts and all good," in short, that they were better behaved people than most of their fellow-actors, and that, if it had not been for the degrading association of the stage Mr. William Shakespeare, "our English Terence," would have been a fit companion for people of higher rank, and would have been himself a sort of king among people of the "meaner sort."

Except as he applies to him the term "Terence," he has only spoken of the actor as an actor. Of course, "Terence" does imply an association with dramatic poetry, but it hardly seems to apply to the author of *Hamlet* and *Lear*, or to throw much light on the authorship of anything, yet Mr. Ashhurst thinks this a very important contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare. It may be, relatively, but if so it would seem to indicate that the sum total of that knowledge must be very slight, indeed.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

HOW TO HEAT A LIBRARY AT WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S
EXPENSE: WHEREIN IS SET FORTH A PLEASING DE-
LINEATION OF THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON ALDERMAN
IN ACTION, TOGETHER WITH THE PASSING OF HENLEY
STREET.

When we so proudly announced in *NEW SHAKESPEAREANA* for October, 1903, that two archaic cottages in far-off little Henley Street in that Anglo-Saxon shrine, the town of Stratford-upon-the-Avon, were saved for our children and our children's children to look upon, it seems that we were sadly premature. We forgot the Stratford Alderman! Indeed, we have to confess to still greater crimes than prematurity. We confess that our zeal had all but eaten us up, and that we were no better than the rest of those ridiculous persons—happily so numerically few—who, revering Shakespeare, revere also his material vestiges—the houses his eyes beheld—the entourage which contained him living, the vicinage wherein he abode, the street where in the flesh he walked and exchanged daily greeting with his neighbours and his friends!

We are properly rebuked. We should have known our place. We should have attended to our own business and allowed the Honorable Stratford-on-Avon Aldermen to attend to theirs, their business being to wipe off and destroy with besom and axe and club every physical vestige of a man named William Shakespeare from the face of the earth! Did not the Reverend Francis Gastrell, that holy man (to whom a monument in Stratford market-place in due course), at great pecuniary self-sacrifice—nay, at what was almost monetary martyrdom, remove any temptation to Sessions of Sweet Silent Thought by actually annihilating his own real-estate, lest any should idolatrize the mansion to which the applause, delight and wonder of the Elizabethan stage retired *procul negotiis ut prisca gens mortalium* to enjoy an earned repose? And shall it not be the ambition of each Stratford-on-Avon Alderman to smash something connected with the memory of a Shakespeare, so that he can merit contiguous Market-place Monument when he, too, shall be gathered to his plump reward? Why should not every Stratford-on-Avon Alderman be his own Gastrell?

We suppose if we should abandon declamation and calmly announce that each Stratford-on-Avon Alderman has bound himself by terrible oaths to obliterate, so far as in him lies, any material reminiscence of his most illustrious fellow-townsmen, we should be judged demented or hopelessly insane—that

much Shakespeare had made us Mad. To avoid such judgment, we therefore refrain from any such sweeping statement and simply reprint a selection from a report of the debate at a stated meeting of those worthies printed in that veracious newspaper *The Stratford-on-Avon Herald* of Friday, October the ninth, in the year of Grace 1903.

The meeting is in the Town Hall, the date October seventh, a Wednesday, the question the revision of a former deliberation as to the propriety of razing two certain ancient landmarks (to wit, the two cottages with their curtilage described in the April, 1903, issue of *NEW SHAKESPEAREANA*), "His Honor the Mayor in the Chair. His Honor said that the object of the meeting was to decide whether the cottages should remain or be razed to the ground. The matter had been before the public for some time, but they were quite able to settle the matter for themselves. (Hear! Hear!) A member remarked that it was happily becoming a fashion for people to send gifts to the Birthplace increasingly, and the Executive Committee had often found it very difficult to harden their hearts and say they could not accept a gift because they had no room to house it. He should like to support the suggestion thrown out by the Mayor, that the cottages be used as a store for what he would term all surplus objects of interest, and for other purposes in connection with the trust. He would move that Mr. Cossins be instructed to report in detail how the two cottages can best be adapted to the purposes of the trust without detriment to any structural works of really ancient design which can safely be retained. Dr. * * * (we award to these gentlemen the oblivion of asterisks, not because they deserve that charity, but for the sake of their children) said he thought the gentleman was laboring under a misapprehension in regard to the action of the Executive Committee. If his memory did not fail him, the resolution read that the cottages should be retained for the present. Nothing definite was said as to retaining the cottages forever and a day. Objections were raised, and something more than simple objections, and while the scheme was somewhat unsettled, the Executive Committee thought it best, for the time being, to adopt that resolution. But the time had now come for the trustees to take action, and they were bound to do so. If they were able to discharge the duties and responsibilities of the trust, there ought to be no hesitation on their part. * * * He held rather a strong opinion that the cottages should come down. It would be the best way to settle the question, and whatever they chose to do with the site when the cottages had been pulled down was another matter. He moved as an amendment that the cottages be razed to the ground.

The Mayor observed that at a meeting of the Executive Committee on May 15 a resolution was adopted that the two cottages nearest the Birthplace should for the present remain. His own opinion was that the resolution passed referred only to the present, and he should rule so. Therefore, they were at liberty to take what action they chose.

Mr. * * * said he had much pleasure in seconding the amendment moved by Dr. * * *. What were their duties? They were not charged with the preservation of all ancient buildings, but they were charged with the preservation of the principal ancient building in the place. The Act of Parliament dinned their duties into them well by not only styling them the trustees, but trustees "and guardians." Some time ago the trustees felt, what they must all feel, that there was a danger arising from the proximity of the cottages to the Birthplace. The cottages did not come within the scope of the Act. They never belonged to Shakespeare, his parents, or his wife, and could not be looked upon as part of the Shakespearean property. The cottages could only be held by them for the purpose of raising funds or assisting them in their work. There was, every one must admit, the responsibility and risk of fire. They could not get over it, and if the Birthplace were once burned down it could never be restored. What, then, constituted their guardianship? Their duty was to safeguard the property, and they must take not only ordinary precautions, but every precaution in their power. They had now an opportunity of preventing the risk of fire. Supposing they allowed the cottages to stand, and at some future time, not necessarily within a few years, the Birthplace was destroyed by fire, what would be said of them? Their names would be mentioned with more disgust and disapprobation than was bestowed on the man who pulled down the death-place of Shakespeare. Dare they face that? He, for one, had no desire to. The property was said to have belonged to one of the descendants of the poet, but that did not bring it within their province. (Applause.)

Alderman * * * said he had felt from the very first that the cottages ought to be removed. Efforts had been made in years gone by to obtain the cottages so that they could be pulled down. Now, fortunately, they were in possession of them. There was nothing, in his opinion, that would justify the trustees in keeping them. If they required a store to keep the overflow gifts, there was the cottage now occupied by the custodians, which could easily be adapted to the purpose. If the two cottages were pulled down they would have a larger area round the Birthplace, and there would be less risk from fire. There was no archæological or historical interest

attaching to the cottages. They might have belonged to the descendants of Shakespeare, but no actual proof of it had ever been advanced to them.

Mr. * * * said that surely the resolution moved by Mr. * * * did not debar them at a future time from pulling the cottages down if Mr. Cossins reported that they could not be adapted for the purposes of the trust.

In reply to a question, Mr. * * * said of course it was impossible to adopt a resolution to bind future generations.

Mr. * * * said he agreed with the remarks made by Dr. * * * The cottages were no ornament to the town.

Dr. * * * : On the contrary— (Laughter.)

Mr. * * * said, when he went to look over the cottages he did not find any ornamental or very useful timber. The cottages in their present condition did not represent anything that was there in Shakespeare's time.

The Reverend * * * thought the resolution proposed by Mr. * * * did not bind them to preserve the cottages. When they got Mr. Cossins' report they would know whether there was anything of sufficient interest to preserve, and he should vote for the resolution, and reserve his final opinion till then.

The Town Clerk said the cottages could not be used for show purposes.

The Mayor asked whether the Trustees would like to use their influence in saving Juliet's house at Verona. There had been a good deal of correspondence in the papers on the subject.

Mr. * * * : Do you suggest adopting Barnum's suggestion and bringing it over here? (Laughter.)

Dr. * * * : There is almost as much argument in favour of that as there is in retaining the cottages.

At this point the Town Clerk reported that an action was commenced in the Chancery Court by a person against the Trustees, who wanted to prove that they were doing some dire things in having the cottages pulled down. The matter was referred to the Executive Committee, and * * * and he were selected to meet their solicitors and give him full instructions to act. He acted, with the result that the action was withdrawn and the taxed costs were paid by the other side. He now had to present a bill for £14 4s 7d for various items, including getting the opinion of counsel."

Truly, man's inhumanity to man maketh countless thousands mourn! We mingle our tears with those of our readers' at thought that these noble men, so brimming with good-will to posterity (which has never done anything for them), should be mulcted in the vast sum of £14 4s 7d! Espe-

cially, when preparing to safeguard sacred landmarks from possible burning up by the simple expedient of pulling them down beforehand! (À propos of fire, we find that we have omitted to state that at one point in the above debate a gentle voice was heard to suggest that if the desire of the meeting was to protect the Birthplace from possible danger of fire, it could be better accomplished by removing a certain brewery in close proximity to that Birthplace, where fires were kept burning day and night, than by demolishing tenements at the other end of the street! But this gentle voice His Honor the Mayor squelched by remarking in awful tones: "That is very irrelevant." Of course, it was!) We only hope that their Honors the Aldermen, when tearing down these two cottages, will not overlook "Birch's Crock Shop." For that, too, has sinned beyond salvation. According to the report of the British Archæological Association: "1. The house known as Birch's Shop, or the 'Crock Shop,' and stated to have been the house of Shakespeare's cousin, and later that of Francis Collins, the lawyer who drew up Shakespeare's will, and to date from 1563, contains in the upper story some ancient framing and panelling in fairly sound condition and of interesting character. By the recent pulling down of the two cottages the side of this house is now exposed and is in a very dilapidated condition, requiring very careful reparation, and that without further delay. Some of the timbers are quite decayed, and others show the action of fire at some period. This house appears to have had, originally, an overhanging front, as the recent demolition alluded to has exposed the angle story post and curved bracket of massive timber." Nathless, a tenement against which can be lodged the scandalous charge of possessing "ancient framing and panelling," and of being associated with a cousin of William Shakespeare—or, horrible dictu, with his lawyer!—must not for an instant longer be allowed to cumber Stratford earth! Delenda est! And the sooner the Honorable Board of Aldermen can get at it the better for the good report of mankind!

When we remember that these are the utterances not of a body of promoters engineering some work of instant necessity or of great public utility—a needed railway, a great canal, something demanded by commerce or by the public good or the public safety, before which all sentiment must yield—nor yet the utterances of a collection of Yokels who would play at loggats with the skull of imperious Cæsar, but of a body of English gentlemen, trustees of an express trust, and that trust the preservation of vestiges of Shakespeare—when we remember this, what have we in far-away America to say? No great public work for public safety, for commerce or for

sanitation clamors for the destruction of poor little Henley Street—a mere lane (a “chiver,” an Elizabethan Warwickshireman would call it; so small, so narrow, that we here in the United States, where everything is drawn on generous scales and in ample proportions, can hardly guess how small it is unless we have seen it.) And yet it must go! Small? Yes. But it is Shakespeare’s street; and—let us be exactly honest for once and confess it—there is just as much probability that William Shakespeare himself was born in one of those two little cottages or in “Birch’s Crock Shop” as that he was born in the ugly little tenement that we pay a fee to stand in. And yet, with all Warwickshire in which to put up libraries galore, no Stratford Alderman can rest o’ nights until poor little Henley Street has passed from mortal sight.

And so Henley Street is gone, and there is nothing we can do for poor posterity, which will have to be contented with our heartfelt sympathy! It but remains for us as an act of simple justice to place on record such a fuller account of the struggle for Henley Street, whose happy outcome we hoped we had chronicled, as will exhibit for those who come after that there were those who labored and endured reproach of self-seeking in order that this spoliation should not be. The story is as follows:

Fully appreciating the fact that the unique status of Stratford-on-Avon might subject his motives in presenting a library to that town to comment, Mr. Carnegie, it appears, stipulated that this one should not bear the name of the donor, but be known simply as “The Stratford Public Library.” As to sites, that is a matter Mr. Carnegie invariably leaves to the towns themselves, and he certainly made no exception to his rule in this case. He certainly neither selected nor expressed a preference for any site for this Stratford library. Unfortunately, however, the gift was upon the usual conditions, namely, that the library should be maintained from the public rates (taxes, as called with us). The Town Council hastened to accept Mr. Carnegie’s gift, and lost no time in getting together to deliberate as to a site. Two were suggested, one at the Market Hall, the other in Henley Street, to occupy the small portion of land left vacant by a fire between the Technical School and the old “Crock Shop,” known as Birch’s China Shop. But immediately motives of economy in lighting and heating the Free Library were weighed in the balance. The authorities concerned saw advantage in making the one heating apparatus suffice for the two buildings together, namely, the Technical School and the Free Library. In fact, they

suggested that a cottage might be built "for an attendant who would possibly have the care of the hot-water apparatus for the Free Library," the same attendant being likely to prove sufficiently active and handy to manage both Free Library and Technical School together.

Lest our readers rub their eyes at this point and accuse us of poking fun at our worthy friends the Stratford Aldermen by charging them with crowding upon each other's heels in haste to tear down their own stock-in-trade—the ancient curtilages and appurtenances without which nobody would think of spending a sixpence in the little town of which Garrick left so unsavory a description—we quote once more from that impeccable authority, the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald* (August 15, 1902):

"The question of site was soon settled when the advantages of that eventually chosen became manifest. Then, again, it was adjacent to the Technical School, and it was felt that it could be more economically worked in conjunction with this building. The design and plans were prepared by Mr. E. G. Holtom, and they display the skill of a clever architect. The building will be of the Elizabethan style, and well accords with the Technical School. Indeed, it was necessary that this should be so to secure architectural consistency. The walls will be half-timbered, and the roof and ceilings open-timbered, and, knowing how shabby this work becomes if ordinary wood is used, it is intended that good English oak shall be employed. There will be a frontage of sixty-one feet to Henley Street, and the site will extend northward to Guild Street. An abundance of accommodation for the reading portion of our population will be provided. * * * The heating of the building will be on the hot-air principle carried out in connection with the Technical School. And the completeness of the building will be ensured by a cottage in the rear provided for the caretaker."

Thus far, the attentive reader will observe, not a word was said about removing ancient landmarks. The only question suggested was one of economy to rate-payers, which of course reflected credit on the careful Alderman. The taste of placing a modern edifice among ancient ones was a lesser consideration. But the "frontage of sixty-one feet" gave the little game away! Of course, that dimension made demolition of something else necessary. Such rumors spread, and on December 8, 1902, Miss Marie Corelli, of Stratford-on-Avon, received the following letter from Lady Colin Campbell:

"67 CARLISLE MANSIONS, VICTORIA S. W., LONDON,
"December 7, 1902.

"DEAR MISS CORELLI: Can you, who have already done so much for Shakespeare and for Stratford, not raise your voice once more to save the old houses next to Shakespeare's, which are apparently doomed to make way for Mr. Carnegie's new library?

"Surely it is far more important that Stratford should keep the houses that must have formed part of Shakespeare's early life, as much as his own abode! Many people are feeling very strongly about this vandalism, among others Alice Meynell (whose name as one of the foremost writers in English literature, you of course know), who was speaking about it to me to-day, and encouraged me to write to you on the subject, when I mentioned that I had had the pleasure of meeting you last summer when I was staying at Warwick Castle.

"I do hope you, with your all-powerful pen and influence, will do something to prevent this ruthless act of destroying what it is impossible for all the world to replace!

"Truly yours,

"VERA CAMPBELL."

The distinguished lady to whom this letter was addressed had for some years made her home in Stratford-on-Avon. She had materially expressed her love for its associations and landmarks by liberal gifts to their maintenance, and, naturally, the authorities of the place (being such as this chronicle has displayed them) could hardly approximate appreciation of a lady who would lavish thousands of pounds upon premises in which she could possess only a sentimental interest. It appeared to Miss Corelli, therefore, that others than herself should interpose to the town's salvation. She contented herself with placing Lady Campbell's letter before the town authorities. But nobody else moved, and Miss Corelli finally wrote a letter for publication as follows:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

"SIR: Several literary people and lovers of Shakespeare have asked me to say a word of public protest against the further pulling down and modernizing of this unique old town by the

erection of a brand-new Free Library next to Shakespeare's birthplace. While fully realizing the benevolent intentions of the American gentleman with whom 'free libraries' are now indissolubly associated, there seems to many of us a point at which even wealth should draw the line, and, considering the fact that the Stratford townspeople are by no means over-anxious to possess a Free Library at all, and that they would infinitely rather have some of their beautiful fifteenth-century carved house-fronts (now for the most part hidden under stucco plastered over them in the reign of Queen Anne) uncovered and restored, it seems a little hard that they should be forced to take what the majority of them do not want, and that they should have to see money spent on what they deem for themselves wholly unnecessary. According to present plans, there will be considerable demolition in one of the most traditional quarters of the town. The custodian's cottage in the garden of the Birthplace is to be pulled down, as also the cottages next to it, and historic Henley Street will soon become a row of modern-antique buildings, by which Shakespeare's house will be but sadly and incongruously companioned. Personally, I have no doubt as to the excellent motives of all the persons concerned in this business, and I exonerate them from all suspicion of self-advertisement in the putting up of a Free Library unsought of the people, but I know I am only expressing a very general and deeply felt opinion by saying that when there are so few Old World towns remaining unspoiled in England, the Birthplace of Shakespeare should at least be guarded more sacredly for the nation at large than that a portion of its most historic street should be left open to the easy purchase of the mere millionaire.

"MARIE CORELLI.

"STRATFORD ON-AVON, Feb. 9, 1903."

This letter had the effect desired. The matter became one of public interest, and Miss Corelli's eloquent appeal and its subsequent record of debate and action we have already chronicled. With the point of view and with the exertions of Miss Corelli all England acquiesced, and the Hon. Mr. Choate, the American Plenipotentiary, voiced the sentiment of the United States when he wrote her: "My countrymen fully appreciate and sympathize with your devotion to the memory of Shakespeare, which they claim

as a precious part of their English heritage, and it would have given me great pleasure to testify to this at the coming celebration, had I been able to be present. In Mr. Choate's thanks NEW SHAKESPEAREANA and its readers desire to share. In the record Miss Corelli will not be forgotten by those who worship Shakespeare.

It is not unfitting, since it has been widely printed throughout the United States, that the Editor should assume the permission of its writer to print the following letter also :

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

"SIR: May I beg the courtesey of your columns to ask if it is possible that a new generation of Gastrells are at work in Stratford-on-Avon, this time pulling down ancient landmarks in Henley Street adjacent to the tenement to gaze at which, as the birthplace of Shakespeare, all the world is making pilgrimages?

"The utmost that the researches of one hundred and fifty years have developed is that at the time of Shakespeare's birth his father, John Shakespeare, was the owner of three tenements on the same side of that meagre little thoroughfare, in one of which his illustrious son was certainly born. Is it worth while to destroy any tenement, contemporary or ancient, which may contain a timber of the house in which William Shakespeare might have been born?

"The occasion is, we are told, the presentation to Stratford-on-Avon of a Carnegie library. But surely there is room enough in Stratford-on-Avon, or in some of its outlying precincts (for it is a wholly inland town), to build as many libraries as may be desired. There is little enough of Shakespeare, even in Stratford-on-Avon, Heaven knows! And one would suppose that that little might be permitted to remain. But what makes the story still more incredible is that the honorable Mayor and Aldermen of Stratford—although Mr. Carnegie has expressed no preference as to a site and generously declined even to permit his name to be attached to the library at all, stipulating that it shall be called simply the Stratford-on-Avon Public Library, and although there is the entire county of Warwickshire to build libraries in—are pulling down historic, or at least archaic, houses on narrow little Henley Street, so that they can save expense by heating the library, when built, with the same hot-air or hot-water plant that is now used to heat another public buiding that happens to be near by—namely, the so-called Technical Institute.

"Even on the lowest possible—the commercial—ground, it seems incredible that a body of Englishmen could proceed to tear down a portion of their town's stock-in-trade to save a few pounds. But in such a case as this, in the one town in Christendom which is held as a shrine by all humanity, without race or religious or other possible prejudice, one would suppose that the honorable Mayor and Aldermen of Stratford-on-Avon would be afraid to pose en silhouette for fear of being laughed at throughout Christendom. To save them from being laughed at, if not to save posterity a possible relic of Shakespeare, do you not suppose that a sufficient number of our citizens would be willing to make up among them the cost of heating this Stratford-on-Avon Public Library (a miniature building, according to the dimensions announced)?"

"But, having heated that library, I respectfully suggest to my countrymen that if we can protest in no other way against this everlasting fussing and tinkering and 'restoration' of the very few remaining material vestiges of Shakespeare, we can at least withhold the toil and tariff and tip demanded of every one of us who shows himself in Stratford by every official, big or little, ecclesiastical, clerical or municipal, which appear at present to be used for this tinkering, etc. As for your Stratford Alderman, he is a much more dangerous person than your mere Gastrell, for whereas Gastrell has only the inclination to destroy something, your Stratford Alderman has the inclination and the power as well. It would be pleasant if the Stratford Town Clerk could enter against a lot of Stratford town Aldermen of to-day, as he entered against Alderman John Shakespeare in 1585, 'He doth not come to ye halles, nor hath he in longe time!' But the trouble of it is that he does come.

"It is barely ten years since the civilized world was protesting at a 'restoration' of Trinity Church, Stratford, which bid fair to leave the interior of that sacred fane as spick and span as a brand-new beer hall just fitted up by a steam furniture company. If this sort of thing keeps on, even Englishmen will begin to regret that Mr. P. T. Barnum in 1847 did not succeed in purchasing all of Stratford-on-Avon that the world cares about and setting it up in Bridgeport, Connecticut. There, at least, it would have been out of the reach of Stratford-on-Avon Aldermen, and 'restorers' and tinkerers would have had to keep their hands off.

"APPLETON MORGAN,

"President of the Shakespeare Society of New York."

"NEW YORK, Oct. 12, 1903."

It is a curious coincidence that while the above was going through the press the Editor should happen upon a copy of the *London Illustrated News* of May 7, 1853, in which occurs the following:

"St. George's Day (April 23) is held to be the day on which Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, A.D. 1564. Some uncertainty prevails as to the above being the actual date of the poet's birth, and the feeling that an event so closely associated with the glory of England should be celebrated upon the day of her patron saint may possibly have led to this adoption. The town of Stratford and its inhabitants, it has been truly said, have existed on Shakespeare and his fame for more than two centuries; and we regret that in return they have done so little to hallow his memory. There have been various 'Commemorations' of the poet's birth, it is true, but as far as Stratford is concerned they have been for its pelf; and when, a few years since, the natal house in Henley Street was about to be taken down it required an appeal to the world to save it from destruction. The memory of Shakespeare is, however, about to confer still another benefit upon Stratford, for, we agree with a writer in the *Birmingham Journal*, had it not been for the birth of Shakespeare in Henley Street we very much question whether, in this said Parliamentary session of 1853, a bill would have been before the House of Commons for bringing the town of Stratford into connection with the great trunk lines of railway which now stretch from one end of the land to the other. In the prospectus the circumstance which has made Stratford the Mecca and the Jerusalem of all who speak the English tongue was dwelt upon as the only guarantee for the success of the scheme which required to be mentioned; so that in the middle of this money-loving nineteenth century Shakespeare may be considered as 'patron' and originator of the project for giving his native town a railway.

"But the course of 'Commemorations' at Stratford 'never did run smooth,' and this year has added its proof. It appears that a number of Birmingham gentlemen made arrangements for a 'pilgrimage' to the birth-place and the grave, to be followed by two concerts, a series of orations, and a dinner in the evening. Unfortunately, in doing so they did not think proper to consult the influential residents of Stratford-on-Avon and its neighborhood, who have been accustomed to celebrate the event by a dinner at the Town Hall. The consequence was that these gentlemen took no part in the more attractive programme, but simply dined together on the 23d, under the presidency of William Judd Harding, Esq. The other party, not deeming Saturday a suitable day for a demonstration of the nature intended, fixed it for Tuesday, the 26th of April, the day on which Shake-

speare was baptized, and the earliest well-ascertained date of his existence. The weather was bright and smiling, but not so the Stratford people, who held aloof from the celebration, and there was no public reception of the visitors. The omnibuses containing the 'pilgrims' did not arrive at Stratford until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and it was twelve o'clock before the 'pilgrimage' commenced at the One Elm, near the town, from whence the procession arrived in due time at the house in which Shakespeare was born, and into which they entered. In about ten minutes Mr. George Linnæus Banks ascended a temporary platform in front of the ancient abode of Shakespeare and delivered an oration on his genius, addressing the assembly as 'men of Warwickshire,' and very properly rebuking the apathy of the townspeople.

"The procession then walked to the Church of the Holy Trinity, accompanied by a considerable concourse. On the arrival of the multitude at the church doors 'the sordid spirit' was fully exhibited in the form of a placard in large letters stating that a gratuity would be expected for the clerk. Great numbers applied for admission, and it may be presumed that the clerk (or 'money-changer,' as he ought to be called) profited considerably by this 'order of the day.' The homage of the pilgrims being duly paid to the poet's tomb, they proceeded to the roadside adjacent to the principal graveyard, where on a platform Mr. James Bennett, tragedian of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, delivered with much effect some extracts from an ode composed for the occasion by Mr. Ouseley, of Shrewsbury, entitled 'The Grave of Shakespeare.'

"The illustration shows this impressive scene, with a portion of the beautiful lime-covered walk. This was followed by the chanting of Shakespeare's magnificent peroration from 'The Tempest': 'The cloud-capp'd towers,' etc."

The remainder of the programme, the inevitable banquet, etc., etc., is then described.

DEPARTMENT OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM

 Conducted by EDWARD MERTON DEY, ESQ.

[Contributions to this Department need not be typewritten. Correspondence should be addressed to Mr. Dey, Box 1063, St. Louis, Mo.]

(Halliwell-Phillips said: "The true restoration of a single line in Shakespeare is well worth the best volume of any other English writer." Serious students of the actual text of the Plays have for one of their aims the correction of erroneous readings or explanations. Facilities for thorough research have greatly increased in recent years, and it is hoped that this department will be an additional means of fostering painstaking study through the interchange of opinion. Such editions as the "Cambridge" and the "New Variorum" discourage hasty conjecture, but the wealth of information which the labors of Wright and Furness have placed within the reach of all makes satisfactory study possible and is the greatest aid to independent thought.—E. M. D.)

"MACBETH," I. iv. 35.—

In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,

Liddell remarks: "The missing unstressed verse impulse marks the pause between the two thoughts."

Furness quotes Walker as follows: "This line is suspicious. It seems hardly possible that 'sorrow' should ever have been a trisyllable."

As in many cases, the misconception has arisen through giving two syllables to a foot, regardless of pronunciation. The present instance, however, offers an illustration of a long syllable constituting an entire foot in the metrical count. If one dwells on "sons," as one would naturally do in speaking, the line does not appear defective:

In drops/ of sor/row. So/ns, kins/men, thanes /

There is no "missing unstressed verse impulse," as "sons" receives the accent in the third foot. Otherwise, we shall have to scan:

In drops/ of sor/row. —/ Sons, kins/men, thanes/

and I venture to say that the huddled, unnatural rendering of the fourth foot will show this scansion to be incorrect.

E. M. D.

"MACBETH," I. vii. 2-4. (Vol. 2, p. 148.)—

If th' Assassination
Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe:

My conjecture that "success" in this passage means "succession" first appeared in Notes and Queries (September, 11902), and, as Liddell's "Elizabethan" edition ignored the question, I repeated the suggestion in the previous number of this Review.

It appears that the point was subsequently discussed in the New York Times Saturday Review, Prof. B. F. Carpenter making the following pertinent remark:

"Mr. Harvie's proposition that Macbeth could not have had the royal succession in mind when he murdered Duncan is novel, indeed! For what other purpose was the murder? What is the play about?"

While "success" is also used in its modern sense, there can be no question that it frequently means "succession" in these plays:

As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—

(Wint. Tale, I. ii. 391-4.)

And so success of mischief shall be born
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
While England shall have generation.

(2 Hy. IV., IV. ii. 47-9.)

Staunton, although going off on a wrong scent, admits that the usual explanation of "success" in this passage as prosperity is wrong, and that it should be understood "according to its usual acceptation in Shakespeare's day as sequel, what follows, etc."

Another instance of this use of "success" is found in Act. I., Scene 3, line 132:

(Aside) Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
(Aside) This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth?

* * * * *

(Aside) If chance will have me king,
why, chance may crown me.

It was to the final stage of success (succession) that Macbeth referred when he said, "Why hath it given me earnest of success, Commencing in a truth?" He knew that by Sinel's death he had become Thane of Glamis. Later on he became Thane of Cawdor—the "earnest of success, Commencing in a truth." The last stage in the prophecy becomes a possibility and he seeks a way to make it come to pass, "and catch, With his surcease, success." If Macbeth's career had been a failure, we could imagine him considering the chances for having a change of fortune by the removal of an opposing element. Duncan, however, was his kinsman and his friend. Macbeth's only motive was the desire to succeed to the crown.

E. M. D.

"MACBETH," I. iv. 54.—

"Blanket of the dark":

Liddell, after giving the references to this and similar expressions, continues: "The associative interests of the earlier passages, 'milk,' 'woman's breasts,' suggest motherhood—cp. also I. 7, 54 ff.—and this culminating figure brings to the mind the picture of a terror-stricken child peering over the edge of his blanket into the awful gloom of night. Rob the context of these associations and the marvellous power of thought is gone from it . . ."

Since the "awful gloom of night" is the "blanket of the dark," Liddell's illustration of a child "peering over the edge of his blanket into the awful gloom of night" is hardly appropriate.

E. M. D.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," II. ix. 59-62.—

Ar. Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

I am pleased to find in Dr. Parrott's edition of the play (Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1903) a confirmation of my conjecture in *Notes and Queries* (March, 1900). No attempt is made in this edition to mention sources, not even, I suppose, where the editor is the first one to adopt a fugitive conjecture; therefore, I do not know whether my note influenced the decision. The new interpretation of Portia's reply seems worthy of further notice, as at least one leading editor has stated that her remark was intended to be "cutting."

Dr. Parrott's note is as follows: "There has been a good deal of dispute over the exact meaning of these lines. I take them as equivalent to a formal refusal on Portia's part to discuss the question of Arragon's deserts. 'I seem to have offended you,' she says, 'and so I cannot act as judge in this case.' Others think the words refer to Arragon: 'You have offended, by making the wrong choice, so cannot be a good judge as to whether you have received your deserts or not.' But this implied rebuke seems hardly courteous enough for Portia."

My note referred to reads: "Eccles' note on Portia's words is as follows:

"There is surely an obscurity in this reply. She seems to consider him as having offended by the injudicious choice he had made; he ought not, therefore, to assume the character of a judge in deciding upon his own merits, which, indirectly, he may be said to do by this indignant inquiry."

"It is hard to see how the prince could offend in making this choice; indeed, the reverse was the case, so far as the lady was concerned. Unless we may suppose the impersonal author of the casket's contents felt, in some inexplicable manner, that he was aggrieved by the unlucky suitors, Eccles' theory will not hold. If Arragon may be said indirectly to decide upon his own merits by his indignant inquiry, then, as a decision, his words required no reply, and Portia's remark was volunteered and in the nature of a rebuke to one who was suffering from mortification and disappointment. Had these words been uttered by Kate the cursed, the explanation offered by Eccles would, perhaps, be plausible; but, coming from Portia, this mean-

ing (to use Dr. Furness' fitting words regarding another speech of Portia's) 'is not exactly in harmony with that sympathetic tenderness of hers which was like the gentle rain from heaven.' Portia's reply indicates that she considered herself responsible for the offence given by having insisted on this choice of the caskets, and, by saying that she was thus incapacitated to act as judge on his merits, gave good promise of the acumen which she was to display later on. While admiring the adroit manner of escaping from the dilemma, we can also note the kindness shown in her refraining to add to Arragon's discomfiture. As Capell very properly remarked:

"'Too long a pause for that which you find there, (II. ix. 53) is an "aside." So we may be sure Portia did not mean to utter a criticism upon Arragon's very natural protest, but wished, by deftly evading his questions, to avoid saying anything unkind.'"

This explanation, I believe, is important in maintaining the consistent tenderness of Portia's nature; and it goes further, pointing out, as it does, one of those touches of the master poet in which he hints at what we may expect of a character. Portia, who is afterward to figure in a court scene and play an important part therein, gives us in her reply here considered an argument drawn from a court-room situation—the offender cannot be the judge, as the offices are distinct and of opposed natures; she is the offender, and is, therefore, barred from passing judgment—and her convincing manner of putting the case prepares us to accept her statements when she appears later on at the trial.

E. M. D.

"OTHELLO," I. iii. 262-6.—

Vouch with me Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with the heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde.
(Folio)

Commenting on lines 264 and 265 (heat . . . defunct), the editor of Othello in the Bobbs-Merrill Company edition (Methuen Arden edition, England), offers a somewhat lengthy dissertation on the word "defunct," but does not touch upon the principal difficulties of the passage. The London Athenæum of July 18, 1903, says:

"Mr. Hart, in *Othello*, restores in Act I. sc. 3, line 265, my defunct;' his text thus resumes its original obscurity, and is not, in our judgment, illumined by his arguments in its favor."

So far from resuming its original obscurity, I believe we have here a return to the reading of the First Quarto and First Folio that is justified by the simplest interpretation of these lines, a restoration of the original reading which I suggested six years ago.

The error of the commentators has been in understanding the first four lines as referring only to *Othello*. The misconception naturally resulted in various attempts to amend the text,

Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,

the Globe reading being the one most generally accepted.

Othello first speaks for himself,

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,

then states his attitude toward his young wife:

Nor to comply with heat the young affects,
In my defunct and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her minde.

Lines 264 and 265, paraphrased, read: "Nor do I beg it to comply with warmth of affection in my young wife, in the absence, through age, of my proper (own) satisfaction." Line 264 would seem to refer to *Desdemona*: "Nor to comply with heat the young affects. . . . But to be free and bounteous to her mind," the line "In my defunct and proper satisfaction" being parenthetical.

The "Nor" should have prevented the supposition that *Othello* was continuing to speak of himself, in case "young affects" presented any difficulty. It seems incredible that these lines should have proven a stumbling block to critics beginning with Theobald. The latter, Furness tells us, "was the first to note the obscurity of this passage, which, as it had been theretofore

printed, he pronounced a 'period of as stubborn nonsense as the editors have obtruded upon poor Shakespeare throughout his whole works.' " In all the long summary of critical comment in the *New Variorum*, closing with Furness' own note, the reference to Desdemona in "young affects" is evidently missed. I believe that the foregoing plainly shows that the original text, "In my defunct," is correct, retaining the "my" of the Folio.

E. M. D.

"JULIUS CÆSAR," I. i. 66-7.—

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:
(Folio.)

"Where" of the Folios has been changed to "whether," "whe'er," or "whêr," by modern editors, the two lines being made to represent separate statements. It would seem that Flavius here calls attention to the fact that all of the commoners are affected by what has been said to them, some being moved (perhaps to tears), while the remainder feel the force of the rebuke at least to the extent of being sobered into silence—where they are not affected in one way they are in another. The passage is, therefore, one statement:

See, where their basest metal be not moved,
They (at least) vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

There is no necessity for changing the folio "where," nor need we take it in other than its usual acceptance. The use of "be" instead of are in the first line is, doubtless, largely responsible for the interpretation heretofore given this passage.

E. M. D.

"JULIUS CÆSAR," I. ii. 154-5.—

When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?
(Folio.)

Rowe changed "walks" of the folio to "walls." Discussion has dealt only with the literal meaning of "walks," but it seems to me that "wide walks" has a larger significance, and that we should understand that the poet refers

to spheres of action. Neither "walls" nor "walks," in the usual sense, could fairly be said to encompass Rome's greatest man. Much of Cæsar's life was spent abroad in conducting the enterprises in which the Roman power was engaged, and therefore outside the walls of Rome.

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

(I. iii.)

"Wide walks" gives this idea of far-reaching spheres of activity, encompassing the military and administrative genius of the Romans.

E. M. D.

"JULIUS CÆSAR," I. iii. 126-130.—

for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

(Folio.)

There have been various emendations proposed for "Is favors, like"—the reading of folios 1 and 2 (or "favours," folios 3 and 4.) "Favours," of course, means appearances, external aspects. Omitting "like the work we have in hand," which in its present position is virtually parenthetical, and is correctly set off by commas in the folio, we have:

And the complexion of the element (the sky)
Is favours . . .
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible,

the last line modifying "favours," the predicate. While the folio reading is somewhat pleonastic, it is no more so than Johnson's emendation, which has found adherents—"In favour's like." The thought is practically the same, the difference between the two readings being mainly one of grammatical relation. No emendation is necessary.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," III. ii. 25.—

And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;
(Folio.)

The Editors of the First Folio Edition furnish a fair summary of previous comment on this line. I believe that Allen (MS.) (ap. Furness) directs us to the proper meaning in stating: ". . . it was nobody's stamp that made the boors scatter; it was merely the sight of Bottom's new head . . ." In other words, as I have stated elsewhere, "stamp" refers to the distinguishing mark, the cast or form, that was placed upon Bottom—"our stamp," a fairy creation.

E. M. D.

"MACBETH," IV. i. 121.—

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.

Notes and Queries of April 25, 1903, contains the following note, signed "F. J. F." (Furnivall):

"In young Mr. H. H. Furness' excellent new edition of his father's Variorum of "Macbeth" the Editor, at page 263, adds this note:

"'Manly: The style and title assumed by James I. after October 24, 1604, was: "The Most High and Mightie Prince, James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith." This is the treble sceptre, and not that of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland.—Ed. ii.

"This will not do, for James' title does but repeat those of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth; see Holinshed (1587), iii. 979/1 and 1170/2:

"'The executours of the said king (Henry VIII.) and other of the nobilitie . . . did . . . cause his sonne and heire . . . to be proclaimed king of this realme by the name of Edward the sixt, king of England, France and Ireland, defender of the faith . . . The said lords . . . in most solemne manner proclaimed the new queene, by this name and title: Elizabeth by the grace of God queene of England, France and Ireland, defender of the faith,' etc.

"The old interpretation of the 'treble sceptre' as that of England, Ireland and Scotland is surely the right one, as a compliment to James I. was evidently intended by Shakespeare, and every one knew that the kingship of France was a mere fiction.

"F. J. F."

In the first place, supposing that "James' title does but repeat those of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth," it is only fair to Dr. J. M. Manly, editor of "Macbeth" in the Longmans series, to say that his note does not state that James I. was the first to take the title mentioned, but reads: "James I. was the first of the descendants of Banquo to bear the two-fold ball and treble sceptre," etc., the Variorum note being a condensed form of the original.

In the second place, on Dr. Furnivall's own showing, the titles were not identical, James' being "King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland," etc., while in the titles of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth the word "England" appears, instead of the later form, "Great Britaine."

The change is significant, implying, with the accession of the Stuart line, the personal union of England with Scotland under James I. The adoption of the term "Great Britaine" was due to the king himself, who was anxious to give expression to the fact that he was sovereign of the undivided island. Dr. Manly's note seems valuable also in view of the fact which he mentions in his introduction (p. x.)—the appropriateness of the prediction of "two-fold balls and treble sceptres" near the date of the official proclamation of James as King of Great Britain, France and Ireland. The allusion is marked, and, as the inclusion of Scotland is intended in the new title, all possible objection to new interpretation disappears. The treble sceptres are specifically mentioned—"Great Britaine, France and Ireland"—and the burden of proof rests upon those who insist that one sceptre (Great Britaine) should be considered as two to the exclusion of either of the other sceptres named.

E. M. D.

"HAMLET," I. iv. 87-91.

Horatio: He waxes desperate with imagination.

Marcellus: Let's follow: 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Horatio: Have after. To what issue will this come?

Marcellus: Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

Horatio: Heaven will direct it.

Marcellus: Nay, let's follow him.

Surely, something is wrong in the distribution of these lines. Not only does Horatio contradict himself in that he first proposes to follow Hamlet and then suggests leaving the whole matter to Heaven, but the speeches are

entirely of character. Marcellus is the pious man; the man who would call upon Heaven to do his work for him. Horatio is the skeptic—the rationalist. It would not be he who would leave matters to Heaven when he saw a chance to do anything himself.

I suggest this emendation as a conjecture:

Marcellus: He waxes desperate with imagination.

Horatio: Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Have after.

Marcellus: To what issue will this come?

Horatio: Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

Marcellus: Heaven will direct it.

Horatio: Nay, let's follow him.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

BRYN MAWR, Pa.

[ERRATUM: In first note, Vol. 2, page 145, "hath rusht aside the Law," the punctuation should show Dowden's note as quoted to end with "law," in fourth line from bottom of page.]

E. M. D.

MARGINALIA

HAD CALDERON READ SHAKESPEARE? Mr. Hubert Reade, in the Westminster Review of July, 1903, wonders how the "Spanish dramatist, Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, could have become acquainted with Shakespeare's plays at a date certainly earlier than 1630. So far as we know," says Mr. Reade, "he had, according to his best biographers, no knowledge of English, and yet there is a great resemblance between his Devocion de la Cruz, written in 1619, when the dramatist was only nineteen years of age and a student at the University of Alcala, and Romeo and Juliet. This likeness cannot be accounted for by the Italian 'Novelle,' or Bandello. Various writers have traced out the very great similarity which exists between Othello and Calderon's El Medico de su Honra, written before 1630, whilst any one

who has studied *La Cisma de Inglaterra*, which deals with the story of Anne Boleyn, must rise from the perusal of the work fully convinced that its author must have seen Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* and the chronicles which Shakespeare used.

"We know how closely Spanish literature was studied by Englishmen in the days of Elizabeth and of James I., but we are rather surprised to find English literature studied at the same period by Spaniards, yet, to quote only one instance, Cervantes, in his *La Española Inglesa*, shows a very fair acquaintance with English life and habits. There were, of course, English friars at Salamanca and at Valladolid, who trained most of the clergy of the English mission, while at Madrid a large body of English and Catholic exiles, such as the Arthur Dudley, who had claimed to be a son of Elizabeth by Leicester, and several of the O'Neils, who had long frequented Elizabeth's Court, gathered during forty years at the palace of that Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, who had been a lady-in-waiting of Queen Mary, and who survived, as an honored guest of the Spanish kings, far into the reign of James I. Were any of these cultured refugees, who before their exile had known Spenser and Southampton, Pembroke and Sir Walter Raleigh, acquainted with Shakespeare's works in their quarto form, and did Calderon derive his knowledge of Shakespeare from them? The English Embassy, too, at Madrid was a centre of English letters. The ambassador was the art-loving Digby, Earl of Bristol, who lost his place through the treachery of Buckingham, and his successor as *Chargé d'Affaires* was the Sir Arthur Hopton who helped to form the galleries of Charles I. and Lord Arundel, and some of whose purchases are still amongst the Wharton pictures in the Hermitage Collection at St. Petersburg. It is curious, also, that one of the very few known Spanish pictures of an Englishwoman by any of the great masters of the Seicento is a "Lady Whitmore," by Zurbaran, for the Whitmore family, who had purchased Apley from Sir Thomas Lucas, were settled at Lower Slaughter, within twenty miles of Stratford-on-Avon, and a 'Walter Whitmore' occurs in *Henry VI.* The Dormer family, likewise, were connected with Oxfordshire and Warwickshire. Was Lord Digby, the host of Charles I. during his expedition to Madrid, acquainted with the first folio Shakespeare? It is not impossible, for we know how much Charles I. admired the bard, and also that Calderon's friend, Lope de Vega, frequented the English Embassy. But in that case Shakespeare's plays must have been known to Englishmen abroad as early as 1619.

"Calderon was himself in the Netherlands at the Court of the Archdukes from 1622 to 1625, returning to Spain in time to celebrate with his

Sitio de Breda Spinola's famous victory, the memory of which is still kept fresh by Velasquez' *Las Lanzas* in the Museo del Prado. The Netherlands were, of course, at that time a great centre for English Catholic refugees. Not only was all the correspondence between English Catholics and the Pope carried on through the Nunciature at Brussels, but the great school at Saint Omer, the predecessor of Stoneyhurst, swarmed with teachers and pupils from the Midlands, who passed to and fro to England, until the outlandish dress of a Saint Omer's boy, home for his Christmas holidays, became, as in Heywood's play, a by-word of the London stage; the seminary at Douai was the alma mater of many a domestic chaplain in English manor houses, and the convents of Bruges, of Antwerp and of Ghent educated half the squires' daughters of Warwickshire and Staffordshire. We know how anxiously Father St. Clair in John Inglesant kept abreast of the latest productions of the English press, and we may be sure that he had many prototypes among the teachers who trained the boys who, twenty years afterward, were to fight to the death for their king at Naseby and at Raglan. Is it improbable that the quarto *Romeo and Juliet*, that the folio *Henry VIII.* and that the soliloquies of *Hamlet* which are so strongly echoed by Calderon in his *Vida es Sueño*, were known to the men whose pupils on their London holidays thronged to the pit and boxes of the 'Globe' or Blackfriars? To them the Catholic tone of the Shakespearian writings would, indeed, come as a relief from the fierce Protestantism of English literature. We know, too, that the wealthy Spaniards and Netherlanders, settled in London, kept in touch with the most cultivated classes of Englishmen. Count Gondomar, himself, knew English society by heart, while Dutch engravers, like Droeshout, illustrated Shakespeare's works, and Dutch and Flemish painters, like Miereveldt and Janssens, when they came to London, were introduced by their fellow-countrymen to every patron of art in the city and at Court. The Whitmore family, for instance, were great patrons of Cornelis Janssens, whose portraits of Sir George Whitmore and his Whitmore ladies rival his famous panels at Berkeley Castle. German travellers, likewise, when they came to England patronized the English stage, and some of the few drawings which we possess of an English theatre under Elizabeth were found in a library at Lübeck. Are we to suppose that cultivated men who took such an interest in English life did not occasionally take English writings with them when they returned home? Consequently copies of Shakespeare's works must have been accessible to students in Spain and in the Netherlands within two or three years of the writer's death. By what other means, indeed, could Calderon have acquired his knowledge of them, for, despite the silence of his biographers

on the subject of his acquaintance with the English language, his graphic portrait of Sir Charles Morgan, in *El Sitio de Breda*, to quote no other instance, could only have been drawn by one who could well appreciate the homely sayings of that stately giant, the general of Maurice of Nassau, who was destined to be the first colonel of the Royal Scots Regiment. Calderon could never have written *El Medico de su Honra* unless he had known Othello, while Sigismundo, in *La Vida es Sueño*, seems to recall Hamlet, especially in his great soliloquy at the end of the second act as to the real nature of our life. Such facts as these must finally be taken into account when we emphasize, as Mr. G. G. Greenwood does, the paucity of contemporary allusions to Shakespeare's writings. Calderon's Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey are, indeed, even more pathetic figures than Shakespeare's, but Henry VIII., in his Spanish dress, must have been shaped by Shakespeare's play, on which Katherine's interview with Wolsey after his fall and Katherine's death scene seem modelled. Charles' visit had, for the time, made English topics the fashion of the day in Spain, and Calderon knew how to please his audience. But from whom had he obtained his knowledge of Shakespeare? It would make a pleasing picture if we could fancy the stately Bristol whom Vandyke has taught us to know so well, reading the great English dramatist to the even statelier Spaniard, who was to be the last poet of the Middle Ages; but it is more likely that if we leave Romeo and Juliet out of account, he learned to know the bard in the dull cloister of St. Omer's, where some Jesuit, shut out forever by the penal laws from his native land, was poring over the dog's-eared quarto which his scholar had brought him back from his London holiday, and trying to call up before his eyes the gay 'Apollo' at the 'Mermaid,' or the long galleries of Southampton House, where he, too, had jested with Ben Jonson and laughed with Southampton in the days before the Gunpowder Plot. Ben Jonson lived much among the Catholics, and Milton's father, to whom he owed his love for Shakespeare, had been disinherited for turning Protestant. The coincidence is curious, but it may serve to show that Shakespeare's works were early known in Catholic circles. A possible answer to the question may lie in considering the very great use which both the Catholic and Protestant teachers of the early seventeenth century made of dramatic representations as a means of teaching their pupils Greek and Latin. The performance of the Westminster play is enjoined by the Foundation Statutes of that school. Is it possible that the English exiles who taught in the Catholic schools and seminaries abroad encouraged their pupils to perform English plays as a means of keeping up the purity of their English? Several of the Roman

Catholic missionaries who worked in England under Charles I. were renowned for their eloquence as preachers, and yet they had all been educated abroad. If such were the case, Shakespeare's plays would be the best of the day for the purposes of Catholic teachers, as they contain few or no attacks on Catholicism, like those which appear in other contemporary dramatists, and probably not a single allusion which could be offensive to Spanish pride. Consequently, they could be performed without giving any offence to the authorities in any seminary in the Spanish dominions. Calderon was a close student of the epic, dramatic and historic literature of other nations, in some cases borrowing his plots from sources as remote and abstruse as Josephus, and modelling declamatory verses on the *Lusiads* of Camœns. He could easily have seen English plays acted at Valladolid or Salamanca even before 1619, and it is certainly remarkable that *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, and I would add *Hamlet*, are among the most Catholic of Shakespeare's works. It is curious that in the Royal Library at Madrid, and in the collection of Mr. E. J. Stanley, M.P., at Quantock Lodge, there should exist copies of an earlier redaction of *La Devocion de la Cruz*, under the title of *La Cruz en la Sepultura*, which stand in a similar relation to the classic edition of the play that the quarto edition of *Romeo and Juliet* does to the folio. Shakespeare's quarto of this play was remodelled for the reader in the folio. 'Did Calderon proceed on the same principle?' In any case Calderon must have been acquainted, as has been said, with the earlier form of *Romeo and Juliet* before 1619, a knowledge which, if it existed, would show that the play must have been well known in England."

MR. J. CUMING WATERS ADDRESSES TO THE LONDON TIMES THE TWO following letters: "The Shakespeare Relics at Stratford-on-Avon. To the Editor of the Times. Sir: Much has been said lately on the management of Shakespearian affairs at Stratford-on-Avon, and whereas the trustees of the birthplace have been charged on the one hand with wantonly sacrificing antiquities which had an indubitable connection with the poet's time, they have been ridiculed on the other hand for religiously preserving relics either worthless in themselves or altogether irrelevant, so far as Shakespeare is concerned. From time to time I have myself carefully investigated the history of some of the treasures stored at the birthplace in Henley Street, at New Place and at the cottage at Shottery; and I have arrived at the conclusion that the trustees would be performing a public service by reconsidering the advisability of retaining or removing a large number of them. The death of my friend Joseph Skipsey, who was for some time the custodian of Shakespeare's birthplace, enables me to throw a little light on what has been considered the mystery of his sudden resignation of that position, secured for him by Mr. John Morley. In a letter to me, written May 12, 1893, soon after his return to Newcastle, he said:

"I must not conceal from you the fact that another reason why I should resign was that I had gradually lost faith in the so-called relics which it was the duty of the custodian to show, and, if possible, to explain to the visitors at the birthplace. This loss of faith was the result of a long and severe inquiry, into which I was driven by questions from time to time put to my wife and me by intelligent visitors; and the effect of it on myself was such as almost to cause a paralysis of the brain. . . . That our Shakespeare was born in Henley Street I continue fully to believe, and that the house yet shown as the Shakespeare house stands on the site of the house in which he was born I also believe (and it was sacred to me on that account); but a man must be in a position to speak in more positive terms than these if he is to fill the post of custodian of that house; and the more I thought of it the more and more I was unable to do this. As to the idle gossip, the so-called traditions and legends of the place, they are, for the most part, an abomination and must stink in the nostrils of every true lover of our divine poet."

"I think all who have a regard for truth, for decency and for Shakespeare's fair fame should help to disperse the stupid legends which have grown up about him, and consign to the dust-heap the 'relics' which have no definite history and only serve to perpetuate error and create false impressions. His pipe, his desk—which is a relic of the grammar school only—and nearly all the so-called Hathaway material at Shottery should not be associated with Shakespeare's name. If a national trust were instituted at Stratford, we could rely on sweeping reforms being carried out, and even, if only for charity's sake, the sacred mulberry tree might be uprooted. . . . The communication I recently made to the *Times*, including a letter from the late Joseph Skipsey casting doubt upon some of the Shakespeare relics at Stratford-on-Avon, has been so widely noticed and has brought me so many queries that a more specific statement seems to be requisite. I am convinced that these easy-going methods of the past, combined with a good deal of local credulity and superstition, have done evil, and, if not checked, will lead to grave scandals in the future. We visit Shakespeare's shrine with feelings of reverence, and the majority of visitors accept implicitly the statements that are made and believe in the proved genuineness of the relics they are shown. It will be a rude shock to thousands of English and American devotees to discover either that the necessary authenticity is lacking or to learn that there never was any proved connection between the poet and some of the most conspicuous articles labelled with his name. Yet assertions are so dogmatically made that a casual visitor would possess temerity, indeed, to reject them. I allege no ill-faith against the guides and curators. They are sincere enough, and they perform their set duties with unvarying courtesy and patience. It is not theirs to reason why; that task is for independent students, in spite of any temporary hostility their heterodoxy may excite. My first protest is against the so-called 'Shakespeare desk' exhibited at the birthplace. The assumption that it was Shakespeare's is unwarrantable. It is extremely doubtful whether the desk dates so far back as Shakespeare's time; it is absolutely certain that it never was

a scholar's desk at all, but an usher's. This fatal objection is got over by Mr. Snowden Ward, among others, by saying that 'perhaps Shakespeare was a schoolmaster.' Perhaps he was—perhaps he was head-master of the grammar school, for there is just as much evidence on the one point as the other; but still we do not prove the desk to be his. This piece of old furniture from the Latin room is interesting enough as old furniture; nothing more. In New Place there is an antique shovel-board, and the visitor is informed that if Shakespeare did not actually own it, he often played a game upon it. As a matter of fact, it came from the public house opposite, the Falcon Inn, and those who care to believe that our 'god-like Shakespeare' wasted his nights there may hold the shovel-board as sacred. But there is not an iota of proof that he knew of its existence, and yet it is thought worthy of the most conspicuous place in the hall of his rebuilt residence. Equally in keeping with this tavern curiosity is the mulberry tree at the back of the house, guarded with the utmost care, railed round, proudly pointed out, because it accords with the local sentiment of propriety to credit that Shakespeare 'drank too hard' under the tree of which this is an offshoot, and died of a surfeit three days later. That tradition rests on the uncorroborated statement of a picker-up of unconsidered trifles, who claims to have extracted it from the dust-heap of village legends nearly a century after the poet's death. Even those who believe and treasure this delectable item of Shakespeare's orgie might have the decency not to preserve in their midst the testimony to his dishonor. The delicacy which obtrudes the mulberry tree on the notice of visitors is also the means of calling attention to the 'Shakespeare flagon,' of which the utmost that can be recorded by such an enthusiast as Mr. Snowden Ward is that 'it is said to have been the poet's.' Yet I know that visitors to New Place never go away without being convinced that Shakespeare's own lips have touched it. Genuine relics of Shakespeare there are. One is his signet ring, the other is the brooch bearing his name, found by Joseph Smith in 1828. It was long in the possession of Mr. John Rabone, of Birmingham, who traced its history with the most scrupulous care, and I recall his telling me that this was 'the only certain link with Shakespeare the man.' I did not agree at the time, but I have come nearly to the same opinion since. Would that I could have faith as a grain of mustard seed in the so-called 'Anne Hathaway's trinket-box' at New Place, or the old clothes-chests in Henley Street! Perhaps the greatest delusion remains for the visitor who goes to Shottery with the firm conviction that he will there find Anne Hathaway's cottage. There is a picturesque homestead there famous all the world over as the birthplace of Shakespeare's wife and the scene of his courtship. The chimney-corner in which the lovers sat is duly pointed out; the lattice window at which the girl watched for the poet's coming across the fields is shown as a verity, and made to excite the most romantic fervor. And yet no Anne Hathaway is to be traced in Shottery records. There was an Agnes, who might have been called Anne, but even this does not prove that it was Shakespeare's sweetheart. Charles Knight, most credulous of all Shakespeare's biographers, sadly admits: 'We cannot say absolutely that Anne Hathaway was

of Shottery.' Mr. Snowden Ward arrives at the same conclusion, and adds that there were three Hathaway families from whom the poet's wife might have come. But even if Anne had lived in the cottage, her cottage disappeared long ago; the present structure is only part of Richard Hathaway's farm, and has 'undergone many alterations and renovations.' As for the family itself, its male line became extinct one hundred and sixty years ago, and the late Mrs. Baker—'the last of the Hathaways'—was a pious deceiver, who had no real claim to the consideration she received. In the light of such facts what are we to say of the Shakespeare and Hathaway 'relics' at the cottage? The 'Anne Hathaway bedroom,' if not a myth, is not a demonstrated fact. The fireplace 'where the lovers sat in their ardent youth' is a pretty fancy. The lattice window is there, but whether Shakespeare's wife was ever within a mile or two of it is open to discussion. Shottery is full of delightful romance, but romance should not be offered Shakespearian pilgrims as substantial realities. The Stratford legends and the alleged Shakespearian relics should be known for what they are. At a period when a determined attack is being made upon the poet's fame, and when doubt is cast upon his very identity, Stratford should be the last place to lend itself to any form of imposture, innocent or designed. By so doing it is only supplying ammunition for the enemy's armory. I have been induced to call attention to a few salient facts out of the many I have noted in order to warn the Stratford authorities of the risk they are incurring. Shakespeare becomes no clearer to us by false representation or by uncertain association."

WHEREVER SHAKESPEARE MAY HAVE GOTTEN HIS MEDICAL AND PATHOLOGICAL LEARNING IN THE PLAYS, it is quite evident that he drew none of it from the exceedingly limited stock-in-trade of his worthy son-in-law, Dr. John Hall. That learned gentleman evidently did not suggest that his Susannah's father write, "Let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart!" "Professional persons are not amusing to travel with," said Mrs. Tesman, née Miss Hedda Gabler, on returning from her wedding journey." We wonder if Susannah Hall was amused by the pother her husband made over her occasional indigestion, or her mother's wry neck? for his "Select Observations on Eminent English Bodies in Desperate Diseases," as he portentously calls his diary, seldom chronicle anything more deadly than these. Still his entries are interesting. On one page he notes that Mistress Hall (his Susannah Shakespeare), "being miserably tormented with the Cholick," and the pain "being but little mitigated" by a certain combination of drugs (with incomprehensible Latin names), was cured by the injection of "a Pint of Sack made hot." Such use of his favorite beverage would have cut Jack Falstaff to the heart. "With one of these Clysters I delivered the Earle of Northampton from a

grievous Cholick." We read also that "Elizabeth Hall, his daughter, when about sixteen, was vexed with Tortura Oris, or the Convulsion of the Mouth. The former form of her Mouth and Face restored with a great many Latin potions and Draughts—the only intelligible one being Ol. Sarsap. to anoint the neck. But in the beginning of April she went to London, and returning homewards, the 22d of the said Month, she took cold, and fell into the said Distemper on the contrary side of the Face; before it was on the left side, now on the right; and although she was grievously afflicted with it, yet by the blessing of God she was cured in sixteen days, as followeth: The Neck was fomented with Aqua Vitæ, in which was infused Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Cloves, Pepper. She eat Nutmegs often. To the Nostrils and top of the Head was used the Oil of Amber. She chewed on the sound side Pellitory of Spain, and was often purged with the following pills. [Illegible.] Sometimes she was afflicted with an Erratic Feaver, sometimes seized by sweating, again cold, all in the space of half an hour, and thus she was vexed oft in a day. Thus I purged her. An hour after it was used, all the Symptoms remitted daily till she was well. Thus was she delivered from Death, and deadly Diseases, and was well for many years. To God be praise." Mrs. Nash is here recorded as "of a long time laboring of Wind of the Stomach, as also Heat thereof, with sweating from the Pit of the Stomach to the Crown of the Head, having great pain of the Head, especially after Meat. I used remedies which freed her from Wind, and she was able to eat, and said she was very well for a long time after." We learn also that Tom Quiney, the husband of Shakespeare's daughter Judith, "laboured of a grievous Cough, with vomiting abundance of Phlegm and Meat, having a gentle Feaver, being very weak, etc. He was temporarily relieved of the ailment, but, being not wholly freed from it, he fell into it again the next year, and all Remedies proving successless, he died. He was a Man of a good Wit, expert in Tongues and very learned. Mr. Drayton, an excellent Poet, labouring of a Tertian, was cured by the following: R the Emetick Infusion oz.i. Syrup of Violets a spoonful: mix them. This given, wrought very well both upwards and downwards." One cannot help wondering whether Shakespeare had his wise son-in-law in mind when he makes fun of the "authentic fellows," the quacks and "water doctors" of his day. At any rate, he gives the proper impression of the fact, which was, that of the run of the physicians of that day, the less said the better! That was a good doctor in Macbeth, to be sure, who refused to "minister to a mind diseased," or the one who prescribed sleep as the only ameliorator of poor Lear. But it would be safe to conclude that, while there was considerable reading

of the old authorities Galen and Paracelsus, and what was then understood to be Esculapius, the learned book men who read them were not, as a rule, practitioners themselves, but, as we should say now, doctrinaires. They spent a great deal of time in writing down notes and excursions in bad Latin on the texts—or what they supposed to be the texts—of these venerable persons, but nothing of what they wrote so carefully seems to have been of the slightest value or importance to anybody. There was, to be sure, every temptation for the charlatan and the “water doctor” (unlike the one who honestly sent word to Sir John Falstaff that “the water was a good, healthy water, but the owner of it might have more diseases than he wot of,” but would probably have earned a fee of any less clever patient). For the ignorance of the common people was so dense that no rubbish could have been unsafe to unload upon them! The degradation of the practice of medicine in Shakespeare’s day is hardly to be dignified by our term “quackery.” These were the times when the people were advised by Dr. Andrew Roorde to wash their faces only once a week and to wipe them only with scarlet cloths, if they would be healthy; when pills made from ground-up skulls of men that had been hanged, or a draught of spring water that had stood over night in the skull of a murdered man, the powder made by pulverizing a mummy, the blood of “dragons,” the entrails of all sorts of reptiles, were prescribed for special disorders. These physicians, or “doctors,” treated humors by stroking them with the hand of a dead man. To cure a child of the rickets, or St. Vitus’ dance, they held that the only way was to split a young tree lengthwise, pass the child head downward between the sections, and then tie the tree together again; just as the tree knitted together so the child would recover, and when the tree was whole again at that moment the child’s cure would be complete! Then there were “love philtres” for sale at every apothecary’s; promorphics were prescribed (that is, a concoction prepared on the theory that broth made from any vegetable or fruit which in shape resembles any human member or organ would cure any malady incident to that member or organ), as, for example, the medlar, the potato, the prune, etc. Even the most learned men and women of the day, from Queen Elizabeth and her Lord Bacon down, believed in all these things. Let the student take Lord Bacon’s writings and find how his Lordship not only seriously guaranteed all this fantastic rubbish, but went further, and found in certain metals which had been in certain hands remedies for certain mental ailments. and the like. But when we turn to Shakespeare, we find curiously enough, that he seems to have been fully aware that there was a great science of medicine not only which could be practically administered

for the health and healing of man, but that most of those who pretended to administer it were humbugs. The student will find plenty of hints at this humbuggery scattered through the plays, and he will find also plenty of allusions to the nobility of the true art of healing. Dr. B. Rush Field, one of the soundest students of Shakespeare, as well as one of the gentlest and rarest of physicians, in his introduction to *Romeo and Juliet* in the *Bankside Shakespeare*, treats very carefully of the real, and not imaginary, medical properties of the "simples" with which the good Friar Lawrence, whom Romeo discovers just returned from a morning in the fields, has been filling his basket. This, indeed, was one of the most regular charities of the friars for long years in England, namely, to prescribe for the ailments of the poor, and to watch over their bodily as well as their spiritual health. It is a matter of well-known history that for long generations the poor of England and the Continent enjoyed much better medical treatment than the rich, for while the rich were always at the mercy of the charlatans and the quacks, the poor were gratuitously treated by the good friars attached to the religious houses, who doctored them with "simples," or with such honest, if heroic, surgery as their facilities afforded. They cauterized with a red-hot coal from the kitchen fire, no doubt; but, however the patient might squirm, it did the business better than a sailor's thumb, or "liver of blaspheming Jew," or any of the things mentioned as compounds of the witches' broth in *Macbeth*, worn in a bag around the patient's neck. Of witch doctors and dealers in philtres and compounds for madness and mental disorders Shakespeare, in two solemn moments in the plays, the awful somnambulism of Lady *Macbeth* and the finale and the crack of doom—the terrible strain of elemental and mental storm and stress in the case of poor old *Lear*—makes the wisest of the attendants prescribe, not charms and philtres and incantations, but sleep. When *Macbeth*, paralyzed by his wife's somnambulist revealing of his whole course of crime, turns to the attendant and, with a wailing piteousness that would move any heart, asks, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" the doctor replies, "Therein the patient must minister to himself." And in *Lear*, when the poor old king's full measure of physical and mental misery is full, the attendant advises putting him to sleep by music—that sleep may knit up his ravelled sleeve of care. It is perfectly safe to assert that no physician of Shakespeare's date of whom we can find record—not even dear old Dr. Hall himself—would have declined to prescribe "for a mind diseased," or have contented himself with saying that sleep, "Nature's soft nurse, balm of hurt minds," was best. Lord Bacon, perhaps, would have prescribed fine shavings of gold from a clipped coin

of the realm that had been in circulation as many years as the patient was years old, or something equally extravagant. Falstaff and Sir Hugh Evans and Hotspur are not the only characters whom Shakespeare makes gibe at and ridicule the worse than ridiculous curative lore and procedure of the day. But all Shakespeare's contemporaries took it seriously enough, and the Crown and the great nobles paid large salaries to charlatans who invented and prescribed the most ludicrous specifics for the simplest aches and pains. Queen Elizabeth's disbursements for this purpose were something enormous. Dr. Wiseman, the Court physician of Charles II., many years later, solemnly declared that of the ninety-two thousand persons whom that monarch "touched" for king's evil, nearly all were cured. In short, while to the general mind all learning seemed to be "smothered in surmise," and, as Mrs. Quickly says, "to consult a fool and a physician was to cast away a child," Shakespeare himself read in Nature's infinite book of secrecy the real healing art, and in numberless places speaks in just such similies and to just such effect as any learned doctor does to-day, when medical science has reached so far its highest point, and nothing seems impossible. It is, of course, to be regretted that Shakespeare did not love, as he should have loved, the schoolmasters of his youth, and it was cruel of him to add to poor Pinch's other crimes that he was a schoolmaster. But nobody (except, perhaps, Mr. Mabie) ever believed that Shakespeare was a seraph. It should not escape observation, however, that lawyers, no less than physicians and schoolmasters, are treated with scant courtesy in Shakespeare's pages. Medicine, the Law and the Learning of the plays are put mostly into the mouths of bishops and of priests. Of course, there are exceptions, and we must not forget that fine old physician Cornelius, in *Cymbeline*, who dissuades the Queen from practising vivisection, lest "your Highness shall from this practice but make hard your heart."

BOOKS RECEIVED

[Subject to second and extended review in subsequent issues.]

70. *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*; the Sufi Interpretation of Khayyam and Fitzgerald. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard. Librarian New York Public Library, Astor Branch. New York: J. F. Taylor and Co. Quarto; boards; 15x11.

72. *Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life.* By Frank Chapman Sharp, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Wisconsin. 12mo; cloth; pp. 232. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

73. *A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century.* By Henry A. Beers, author of *A Suburban Pastoral*, *The Ways of Yale*, etc. Cloth: 12mo; pp. 455. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

89. *Shakespeare's Homeland.* Sketches of Stratford-upon-Avon. The Forest of Arden, and the Avon Valley. By W. Salt Braddington, F.S.A., seventy illustrations by Henry J. Howard and Sidney Heath. Cloth; gilt; 8vo; pp. 356. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

90. *Here He Comes in Likeness of a Jew.* By Truman J. Spencer and Capitola Harrison Spencer. Boards *de luxe*; 6x8; pp. 52; inlaid medallion of Edmund Kean on cover. Hartford: T. J. Spencer.

91. *The Courtship of Sweet Anne Page.* By Ellen V. Talbot. Illustrations by Sewell Collins. 16mo; pp. 91. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

92. *Shakespeare the Man.* By Walter Bagheot. 8vo; board; pp. 66. New York: McClure, Phillips and Co.

93. *Shakespeare and Music.* With illustrations from the Music of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Cloth; pp. 225; sq. 16mo. London: J. M. Dent and Co.

94. *The Plain Truth of the Stratford-on-Avon Controversy.* Concerning the fully intended demolition of old houses on Henley Street, and the changes proposed to be effected on the National grounds of Shakespeare's Birthplace. By Marie Corelli. Paper; 8vo; pp. 68. London: Methuen and Co.

95. *American Myths and Legends.* By Charles M. Skinner. Cloth; 2 v.; pp. 352; 344 in box. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

96. *What Has Become of Shakespeare's Play Love's Labor's Won'?* By Albert Harris Tolman. The University of Chicago Decennial Publications, Vol. VII. pp. 33; 4to; paper. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

97. *The Development of the Drama.* By Brander Matthews, Litt.D., Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 351. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

98. *Shakespeare's Garden.* By J. Harvey Bloom, M.A. Cloth; 16mo; pp. 248; illustrated. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

99. *The Bible in Shakespeare.* A Study of the Relation of the Works of William Shakespeare to the Bible; with numerous parallel passages, etc.

By William Burgess. Cloth; 8vo; pp. 288. Chicago: The Winona Publishing Company.

100. *The Moral System of Shakespeare.* A Popular Illustration of Fiction as the Experimental Side of Philosophy. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., author of *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Critic*. 12mo; cloth; pp. 380. New York: The Macmillan Company.

101. *The First Folio Shakespeare.* Edited, with Notes, Introduction, Glossary, List of Variorum Readings and Selected Criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. The *Cómedie* of Errors. Handy volume size. Cloth; pp. 182. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co.

102. *The Pembroke Shakespeare.* The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Twelve volumes, Handy Volume size. Pp. about 100; cloth; in box. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co.

103. *Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque.* By George Rowlandson. Cloth; 16mo; pp. 109. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

104. *Marie Corelli, the Writer and the Woman.* By T. F. G. Coates and R. S. Warren Bell. Illustrated. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 352. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Co.

105. *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft im Auftrage des Vorstandes.* Herausgegeben von Alois Brandl und Wolfgang Keller. Neu Achtunddreissigster und Neununddreissigster Jahrgang 1901-1902. Band. xxxviii. xxxix; 8vo. Berlin: Langenscheidtsche Verlagebuchhandlung (Prof. G. Langenscheidt).

106. *The Collegiate Church of Stratford-on-Avon.* By Harold Bayley. With fifty-five illustrations, mostly from photographs by the author. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 96. London: George Bell and Sons.

107. *Julius Cæsar.* By William Shakespeare. Edited for School Use by Albert Harris Tolman, Assistant Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 158. New York and Chicago: Globe School Book Company.

108. *A Book of Shakespeare's Songs.* With Musical Settings by Various Composers. The whole arranged and decorated by Edward Edwards. Cloth; quarto; decorated; pp. 100. New York: G. Schirmer.

70. Of all editions of this, the most printed and quoted poem of the nineteenth century, and of which the twentieth century shows no falling off in editions, Dr. Bjerregaard's is incomparably the most valuable. His plan is to place on antiphonal pages the Fitzgerald version and the literal version

of Omar Khayyam, with twofold results. Nor does the literal version, while it adds to the richness and develops many shades of the poet's thoughts, detract from Fitzgerald's wonderful quatrains. We had hoped to more extensively review this fine work of Dr. Bjerregaard, who alone possesses the equipment which could have produced it, and shall recur to it later on. But to one who comes for the first time to find the whole wealth of the Sufi spread before him, and who has dipped into it even a little, it seems a revelation to find that so far from the pessimism of Fitzgerald's version being super-prominent, the real Sufi Omar is pure optimism—perfect contentment with his lot, or fortune, or destiny, whatever it might or may be. Wine to him is not dissipation—it is forgetfulness of self. Dr. Bjerregaard's most admirable—for so it seems to us—plan keeps, on the left-hand pages, the running rubricated headline "Thus Sang Fitzgerald," while opposite, another rubricated headline reads, "Thus Spake Omar the Sufi." In a charming Preface Dr. Bjerregaard says: "Let no one suppose that the study of Omar Khayyam has brought out all there is in his writings. The West has scarcely begun to realize the value of the gem that was discovered a few years ago. The readers of Omar have been and are 'drunk with new wine.' It is about time that the carousal ended and sobriety took command. . . . Those mountains that grow the Omarian wine hold truths which shame both philosophy and the dogmatic religions. They run with veins of satire upon the idleness of the common talk; they spring with songs and praises of Nature superior to anything written by modern Nature-worshippers; they contain a Nature mysticism entrancing and full of solid food for the soul. They are truly an unknown world and Alladin's cave and lamp." The edition is printed upon folded sheets, so arranged that only the opposite pages (containing Fitzgerald as set over against Omar himself) open together, and the reader of each has always before him each and both. The size of the volume is a full quarto, with rubricated headings; and the text, in a "Caxton" or Old English black-letter, is pellucid and delightful to the eye. The first title-page is decorated in a Persian pattern, and is a pleasure to the sense. Each page is decorated with bordering. There is, we repeat, no edition of this incomparable poem so learned, so unique and so desirable as this one which Dr. Bjerregaard (a compatriot of Dr. Brandes, whose Shakespearean work is without a peer for appreciation even among Shakespeare's own countrymen) has given us, and which the Messrs. Taylor have so lavishly manufactured. Dr. Bjerregaard is, of course, without a rival as a Sufi scholar. The Messrs. Taylor have no fear of rivalry, either, if the make-up of this beautiful quarto is a specimen of what they can do!

72. It is something curious that, while Professor of English Moulton in Chicago is publishing a demonstration of Shakespeare as a teacher of morality, Professor Sharp, a few miles to the north, in Madison, Wisconsin, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Wisconsin, issues his "Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life." "If conduct be three-fourths of life," says Professor Sharp in his brief Preface, "if all deliberate actions have a moral bearing, Shakespeare's description of the moral world is but a name for his collected works. . . . What is the nature of the moral judgment, to what kinds of action does it attach itself, and under what conditions does it arise? . . . How can we reduce the moral judgments of mankind to a consistent and reasonable system, where the word 'reasonable' means that which would approve itself to a mind cognizant of and sensitive to all facts of human experience?" We beg to say, however, that though both Professor Sharp and Professor Moulton have chosen formidable ethical titles for their books, what each has written is actually a book of *Æsthetic Criticism of the Plays*.

73. It seems to us that this small volume of Mr. Henry A Beers: "English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century," is one of the most fascinating books that has reached this table in many a long day! Even those perfectly familiar with its field will enjoy its re-reading in this deftly handled, finely shaded and differentially regrouped treatise of the eighteenth century writers. It is with a new background and a new—we might say a scenic—art that Mr. Beers has handled his material. We have found ourselves reading this book as eagerly as if we had never opened a work on English eighteenth century literature before. It is a most stimulating book!

89. Again of Warwickshirean precincts, a most attractive book typographically and pictorially; instead of exhausting itself on familiar matter it goes into the outlyings of Stratford and describes adjacent neighborhoods with which Shakespeare was familiar. It would do good service as a guide-book. We could have, indeed, wished for a little editorial oversight, for Mr. Brassington's syntax is sometimes so turgid that we cannot exactly arrive at his meanings. And we regret that in a score or so of places he should lug in warnings to his readers not to trust too much to what Dr. Halliwell Phillipps says about this or thinks about that. Dr. Halliwell Phillipps gave a long lifetime and two fortunes to Shakespeare, and was so cautious lest his own zeal should mislead or daze him that he concludes one of his latest volumes with the remark that "those who have lived as long as myself in the midst of Shakespearean criticism will be careful not to be

too certain about anything." At any rate, Dr. Halliwell Phillipps would never have written such a sentence as this (page 75): "That the neighborhood of the churchyard should have suggested the ghost scene in 'Hamlet' is also highly probable, and one may picture the poet writing in one of the old rooms with a window facing the church where he was baptized and watching the fantastic shadows in the moonlit churchyard." We had "imagined" Mr. Brassington sitting in a library where at least were a thousand books (we should fancy that, altogether, there were ten thousand), any one of which could have told him from what source Shakespeare got his "ghost in Hamlet." So great a man as Shakespeare could, doubtless, have managed to write and watch the fantastic shadows at one and the same time, but we are afraid it will bother the chronologists to learn from Mr. Brassington that Hamlet was written in Stratford-on-Avon. And we find fault, too, with Mr. Brassington for going too far, or else for not going far enough: as when he tells us (quoting them at length, too!) that the lines "A Parliament member, a Justice of Peace," etc., are not the lampoon written on by Shakespeare on Sir Thomas Lucy's gate, but fails to tell us that there is in existence a stanza which most probably is (the stanza beginning, "Sir Thomas was too covetous," etc.).

We have been waiting for a volume such as this one ought to be to settle the question every now and then exploited, as to the slab over Shakespeare's grave with its witch's curse (we wish it had been written over Henley Street, and so kept hands off that ancient thoroughfare now being demolished). Of course, that slab, being a part of the pavement of the chancel of a church used for public worship for three hundred years, has been several times replaced, from an instinct of common safety in priests and people. If Mr. Brassington had no other sources of information, he might have at least quoted this from Washington Irving's *Sketch-Book* (about the year 1820—that is, at the date when the present slab was superimposed over an older one, whether the original or not certainly some Stratford parish record somewhere, or old account book, ought to tell): "A few years since also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his (Shakespeare's) grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with the remains so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither

coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare." We cannot find any fault with Mr. Brington's chapters on St. Mary's Church, Warwick, Warwick and the Nevilles, Kenilworth, Compton Wynyates, Loxley, and Robin Hood, Henley-in-Arden, Alcester, Ettington and Halford Bridge, Meon Hill, Gloucestershire, the Forest of Arden, etc. But what in the name of Geography or of Grammar, please, does the gentleman mean by this sentence on page 91—"Our English counties are not arranged in square blocks like the United States"?

90. A dainty bibelot, prepared with exquisite taste, is this brochure from the pen and press of Mr. Truman J. Spencer, a well-known member of the New York Shakespeare Society, which tells again the story of Edmund Kean's struggles for opportunity and his instantaneous success in the character of Shylock as prelude to fine criticism of the character itself. Such books are to be prized as things apart, and we congratulate the possessor of so petite and deserving a souvenir of one man's delineation, and another man's appreciation of a Shakespearean character that is coming to be widely re-read, Shylock is coming to be seen as not only "the only gentleman in the play," but according to the occasion a defender of his faith: one who will not—no, not for Venice—lay perjury upon his soul, nor be subsidized by an enemy of his religion. It is to actors, rather than to commentators, that we owe the light that has burst upon "the Jew that Shakespeare drew."

97. We are inclined to think that this is the very best work that Mr. Matthews has ever done, and that is certainly saying a good deal! We are a little surprised that so Priscian-like a gentleman should have arrived at last at "catalog" and "prolog," which are not spelling reform to the old reader's eye at least. But is it not at the risk of giving aid and comfort to the "Baconizer" that Mr. Matthews spells "Shakespeare" (whom Mr. Matthews handles in other respects rather timidly) otherwise than his name was borne on the title-pages of all his Plays and Poems, and as all his Elizabeth and Jacoban contemporaries spelled it? Surely, Mr. Matthews would not spell Corneille "Cornel," nor Tennyson "Tenson," nor would he care to see his own name spelled "Mathus" for the sake of spelling reform. The Baconian assertion is, all told, concreted and summed up simply that a man using the name or pseudonym Shakespeare wrote the Plays and Poems, while a man who so spelled his name that the first half of it could be pronounced SHACK was the actor brought up to London from Stratford-on-the-Avon! This is Dr. Isaac Hull Platt's theory (to which he clings as

stubbornly as did ever Sir Hugh Evans to his pribbles and his prabbles); and the fact that the "List of the principal Actors in These Plays" given in the First Folio contains the name "William Shakespeare" does not worry his theory in the least. And Dr. Platt brushes aside quite as ruthlessly the records of Merton College, Oxford (that of the gentleman who, in order to matriculate with a respectable name, got permission to change his from Hugh Shakespeare to Hugh Sanders; this was July 23, 1487: "Hugo Sawndare, alias dictus Shakespeare sed mutatum est istud nomen ejus quod vile reputatum est"), which show that "Shakespeare," with all the vowels, was not a *nom de plume* in that day. It was (we think) Christopher North who used to sit up nights to keep John Hill Burton's theory about Dutch cheeses out of Blackwood; and we have been sitting up nights, too, to keep Dr. Platt's spelling out of this Quarterly, but we notice that he has got it in at last, at line eleven of page 3 of this very issue, in spite of us. Mr. Matthews has not, we hope, a theory about Shakespeare (so spelled or otherwise), for he has been about as sane a man of the pen as we possess. We shall not despair of him yet, especially now that his feuilleton days are over and he is capable of such lucid work as this!

100. If the reader allows himself to be scared by this awful title, "The Moral System of Shakespeare," which suggests all sorts of preachment, as in the case of Professor Sharp's book just above noted, he will in this case miss one of the most delightful volumes of æsthetic criticism ever put to press! "Dr. Moulton's Shakespeare Table-Talk" would be an infinitely better and more descriptive title. For only a few of Dr. Moulton's honest and acute perceptions can we find space. The reason why Henry the Fifth was the most splendid of English Kings was because he sowed his wild oats and had his fling and done with it in his youth. "If corrupt art has slain its thousands, discussion of corrupt art has slain its tens of thousands." "Shortcomings of this kind [lack of the sense of humor] have wrought havoc with the greatest religion in history. Puritanism was religion that had lost its sense of humor." Dr. Moulton denies infallibility to the doctrine that as a man sows so shall he reap, citing the parable of the sowers in the gospel. In the cases where the seed fell among thorns or by the wayside Dr. Moulton submits that, at least as this sower sowed he did not reap! This is particularly applied to the story of poor little Juliet. She and Romeo were married, and the dainty little bride had no cause to complain of Friar Lawrence's cleverness in planning to adjust matters with the old people. He arranged everything with the minutest care of details, but he

could not have foreseen that the Verona Board of Health would have embargoed a house into which his duties had just called Friar John! And from that the whole awful triple tragedy sprung! Only a man who had never been young (and Professor Moulton evidently has had that experience) would have said that this poor child, dear little Juliet, should not have acted upon impulse and that Romeo (who was something less wise than even his poor little sweetheart) should have had the head of a Solon! The trouble was that Friar Lawrence was not allowed to reap as he had sowed! As to Isabella's speech, "More than our brother is our chastity," Dr. Moulton remarks: "No one will dare to contradict. But what do we think of the woman who can calmly formulate the principle?" And there is considerable acute reasoning of this sort. Lady Macbeth must not be suffered, like Mother Eve, to bear her husband's blame. The letter Macbeth wrote her and the whole dialogue prior to the killing make it plain enough that Macbeth had himself first broached the whole dire scheme of murder to his wife when "nor time nor space did then adhere." Why otherwise should she have taunted him with being like the poor cat in the adage if it had been her plot and not his? Dr. Moulton offers an explanation of that anticlimatic fifth act of the Henry VIII. which is ingenious and may be correct. He reminds us that, although Ann Bullen was Queen Elizabeth's mother, Katherine was the mother of the late Queen Mary. "Matters of this kind must be delicately handled in court spectacles." The book is a prime and a brilliant one, but, as we say, we fear that its title will handicap it with many people.

101-102. As was done with the Bankside Edition, the Porter-Clarke First Folio Edition is being issued, the minor plays first. And this is very good. Readers who get the single plays as they appear can now at leisure read these minor plays (which are just as unapproachably Shakespearean as Hamlet or Lear or Julius Cæsar, but which, when collectedly before us, suffer by the shadow of the mightier works). Of this volume and of the Love's Labors Lost we wish to repeat what we said of the initial volume, namely, that the editors are doing their work admirably. Meanwhile, the same editors are having issued, also through the Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Co., a complete edition, "The Pembroke," also Handy-volume in size, in twelve volumes. "In these," says the Preface, "the editors have sought to give the reader the essential part of much of the work done by Shakespeareans without burdening him with the multifarious material." The text is also the First Folio: the lines sans the stage directions (which

the Bankside notates without expressing opinion as to whether they were Shakespeare's or not, the same as it does the text) are numbered by tens (which is quite enough for all referential purpose). This edition is also well done, and the question of preference between these two Porter-Clarke Editions might well be decided in favor of either. At any rate, one can now carry in his pocket a critical text with or without voluminous commentary and be in either case equipped! In the Pembroke the annotations are marginal. The Glossary is retained in both.

Nicht am wenigsten bewunderungswürdig in dem Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft ist die zusammengefügte Weise, in welcher es seinen Lesern vorgelegt wird. Wenn es eine Möglichkeit gibt, die werthvollen Studien eines Jahres in einen Band von fünfhundert Seiten von sechs bei neun Zoll zu packen, dann haben die Redakteure des Jahrbuches das Geheimniß gelöst. Bände achtunddreißig und neununddreißig liegen vor uns, und dieselben sind angefüllt mit Neuigkeiten.

Wenn es überhaupt möglich ist, gewisse Theile vorzuziehen, als besonders vorzüglich, dann müssen wir die Monographien in Band achtunddreißig, Ben Jonson's „Every Man in His Humour“, nach der ersten Quartausgabe zum ersten Male neu gedruckt, von Carl Grabau, und The Fifth Act of Thomas Heywood's „Queen Elizabeth, Second Part“, von den Herren Van Dam und Stoffel erwähnen. (Werden wir Engländer unser Drama und unseren Shakespeare an Deutschland verlieren?)

In Band neununddreißig lesen wir mit Bedauern von dem Hinscheiden des Doctor Wilhelm Dechelhauser, des Präsidenten der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft. (Wir hören, daß Doctor Alois Brandl sein Nachfolger ist.) Die willkommensten Monographien dieses Bandes, wo alle so vorzüglich sind, sind „The Influence of the Celestine on the Early English Drama“, von E. W. Rosenbach von Philadelphia, und die Abhandlung der Autorschaft des „Arden of Feversham“, von Charles Crawford. Die letztere deutet auf Thomas Rhd hin, der in der Regel keine Freunde besaß, und dem gewöhnlich nur solche Dramen zugeschrieben werden, deren Verfassung kein Anderer beanspruchen will für Shakespeare, Bacon u. s. w. Was diese Monographie anbelangt, so erwähnen wir nur an dieser Stelle, daß wir das Vertrauen eines Redakteurs überschreiten werden, und gestehen, daß binnen kurzer Zeit wir eine Beweisführung in New Shakespeareana drucken lassen, in welcher Herr Laing „Arden von Feversham“ Shakespeare selbst zuschreibt.

Wir können die Shakespeare-Bibliographie, welche jetzt in jedem Jahrbuch erscheint, nicht zu hoch loben. Nichts übertrifft dieselbe, was Genauigkeit und

Einzelheiten anbelangt — nichts fehlt, sogar die kleinsten Zeitungs = Artikel sind berichtet, — und im Englischen existirt keine Bibliographie, die man mit dieser vergleichen kann. Staunenswerth ist es allerdings, daß England es gleichgültig gestattet, daß Deutschland es so überflügelt in dieser Beziehung. Die Shakespeare Society of New York hat ein ähnliches Werk in 1885 zusammengestellt, in welchem Jahre die *Digesta Shakespeareana* in zwei Theilen erschienen. Eine zweite Auflage dieses Werkes war beabsichtigt, die New York Gesellschaft wird jedoch diese Arbeit aufgeben, da sie nichts zu verbessern in der Bibliographie des Jahrbuches finden kann. Wenn die deutsche Gesellschaft diese Bibliographien von deren Anfang in einem Bande drucken würde, so denken wir, daß die Zusammenstellung ein werthvolles Werk bilden würde. Die New Yorker Shakespeare = Gesellschaft wird ihren Brüdern keine Konkurrenz machen!

99. The year in which somebody did not squander his substance by making a book about "Shakespeare's knowledge and use of the Bible" would be a curiosity and an *Annus Mirabilis*! The late Bishop Wordsworth, who started the fad, doubtless had parochial, or perhaps we should say diocesan, reasons. But Mr. Burgess has none, not even the excuse of familiarity with either the Bible or Shakespeare to any great extent! The persistence of this sort of callow literature seems proof of the crime people like our worthy Mr. Mabie commit by their salivated and superadjectivial "Lives of Shakespeare," in which poor Shakespeare—living in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—is deprived of whatever Rembrandtesque background he might be entitled to on that account, and painted in all the flat colours and pre-Raphael absence of perspective of the latest domestic virtues and homespun rectitudinalarity of the twentieth century. We are afraid it is doing Shakespeare no good, and that he will not stand the test! The only record of his death (unless the Mabie ilk have found another) is that he died as did Addison, one hundred and three years later, of over-potation! And the plays and poetry he left show that there was no phase of life from cour-tier to courtesan with which he was not familiar. Why not tell the truth? Who is afraid of the Truth? Not Shakespeare, certainly! Why not allow him the pardon we extend to the age he lived in? We don't scruple to tell the truth about poor Poe! Why not tell the truth about Shakespeare? To say that Shakespeare died of malaria superinduced by the unsatisfactory sanitation of Stratford might cause the unthinking to sneer that they had heard it called by that name before—that Falstaff had constant attacks of that sort of malaria, as did Trinculo and Barnadine; that all history needs revision and that, doubtless, the two young princes died of diphtheria caused

by defective plumbing in the Tower, etc., etc. To be sure, as Herder says, "Of all this Shakespeare hears nothing!" But it makes the judicious grieve, nevertheless. We will not bother to quote any of Burgess's "parallelisms," which are quite as ridiculous as Bishop Wordsworth's (both gentlemen take them from the King James's version, by the way), but will set him right as to his facts. It will do no good, however. We will have just such another performance to review next winter. On page vii., Burgess says: "In Shakespeare's time the Bible was the standard literature of his country. The times had passed away when the translation and reading of the Bible in the common tongue was heresy and a crime punished by fire. It was no longer a forbidden book, but the one book—almost the only book." Mr. Burgess is entirely misled. Practically, perhaps "the times had passed," etc. The "Bishop's" Bible had superseded the Cranmer Bible, just as it, in its turn, was to be superseded by the King James's version, which although appearing in 1611, did not become current among Englishmen until nearly 1640, oblivious as Bishop Wordsworth appears to have been of the fact. But this also was in form a huge tome, was chained in public places, like Paul's Cross in London, and in the churches. The one chained in Trinity Church, Stratford, at the west end of the north aisle, is there yet, with a bit of the old chain that secured it. We doubt if a pocket (or as we say now, "handy volume" size) edition of the Bible can be found much prior to 1740. Besides this, the people, as a rule, could not read. Those that could might plead, as Ben Jonson did, their benefit of clergy, so rare was that accomplishment. If Mr. Burgess should consult the frontispiece of this issue of *NEW SHAKESPEAREANA* he will see a facsimile of the title-page of what Queen Elizabeth's subjects were enjoined to use instead of the Bible, viz: a "PRIMER, in Englishe and Latyn, set foorth by the Kynge's Maiestie and his Clergie to be taught, heard and read, and none other to be used throughout all his Dominions." It contained the Lord's Prayer, the Penitential Psalms, the Commandments, etc., and by statute cited as "Eliz. Cap. ii [1545] the youth of the realm were to be catechised by the parish priests, and doubtless young Shakespeare did not escape the Rev. Richard Barton, the Rev. John Rushton or the Rev. John Bromhall, the vicars during his nonage, as he did the sermons of the Rev. John Bifield or the Rev. John Rodgers, who officiated at his funeral. Shakespeare appears to have got his Bible stories from the Miracle plays, or what survived of them, or perhaps from seeing them on old tapestries. "As ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth when the glutton's dog licked his sores" (1 Henry Fourth, IV., ii., 27) seems to point to one or the other of these sources.

The shades of Shakespeare are too immense to succumb to the silly people who write these silly books or fill his precincts with sham relics and plaster him with sham conventionalities of the present. But all the same, we wish it could be stopped. Its publishers have given this book a benign and sober garb which is better than it deserves.

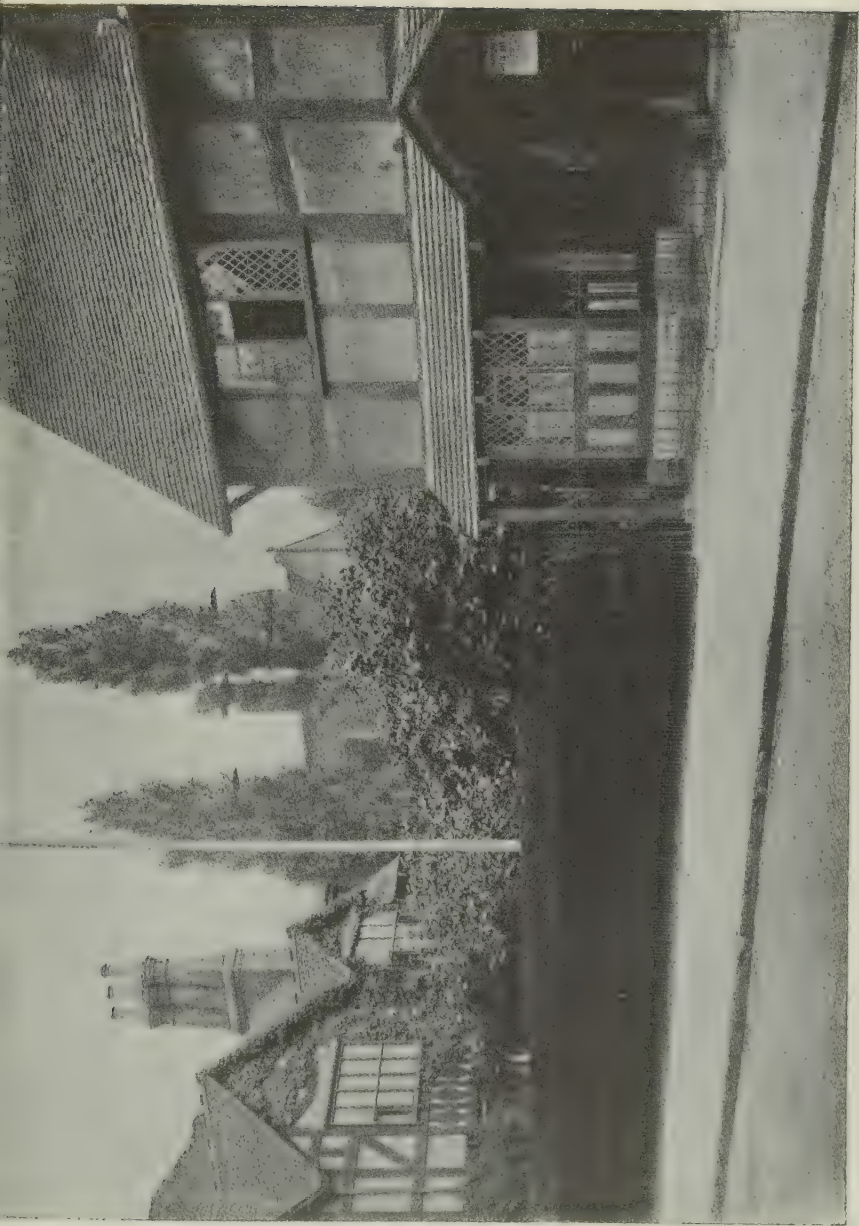
106. There is not a wasted word nor a line of padding in Mr. Harold Bayley's Handbook of Stratford Church and Town. He traces both from the year 691, when St. Egwin, third Bishop of Worcester, moved there his episcopal seat; and it is all very interesting, indeed! In describing the church, he says: "The south transept is now known as the American Chapel, the window bearing the inscription, 'The gift of America to Shakespeare's Church.'" We understand that no "American" had anything to do with placing this window there! It dates from the time of the last "restoration" (the one so vigorously denounced by William Winter and the late Dr. Halliwell Phillips). This is no reason, perhaps, why "Americans" should not offer contributions to defray its cost to the church. But it seems small justification for the all but insulting placards hung in the vestibule prodding "Americans" to hurry and pay its architects!

108. As there are scores—not to say hundreds—of Shakespeare clubs in the country who open their exercises with music, there should be a large demand for this work when its excellence becomes known. Indeed, we wonder that it has not been done before. To use the stereotype: "It fills a long-felt want." The size is full quarto; that is, a musical folio, and all the precious Shakespeare songs are here. The finely decorated pages will make their appeal, too, to lovers of beautiful things.

The Editors cannot undertake to return unused manuscripts, though they will endeavor to do so if self-directed stamped envelope is enclosed therewith.

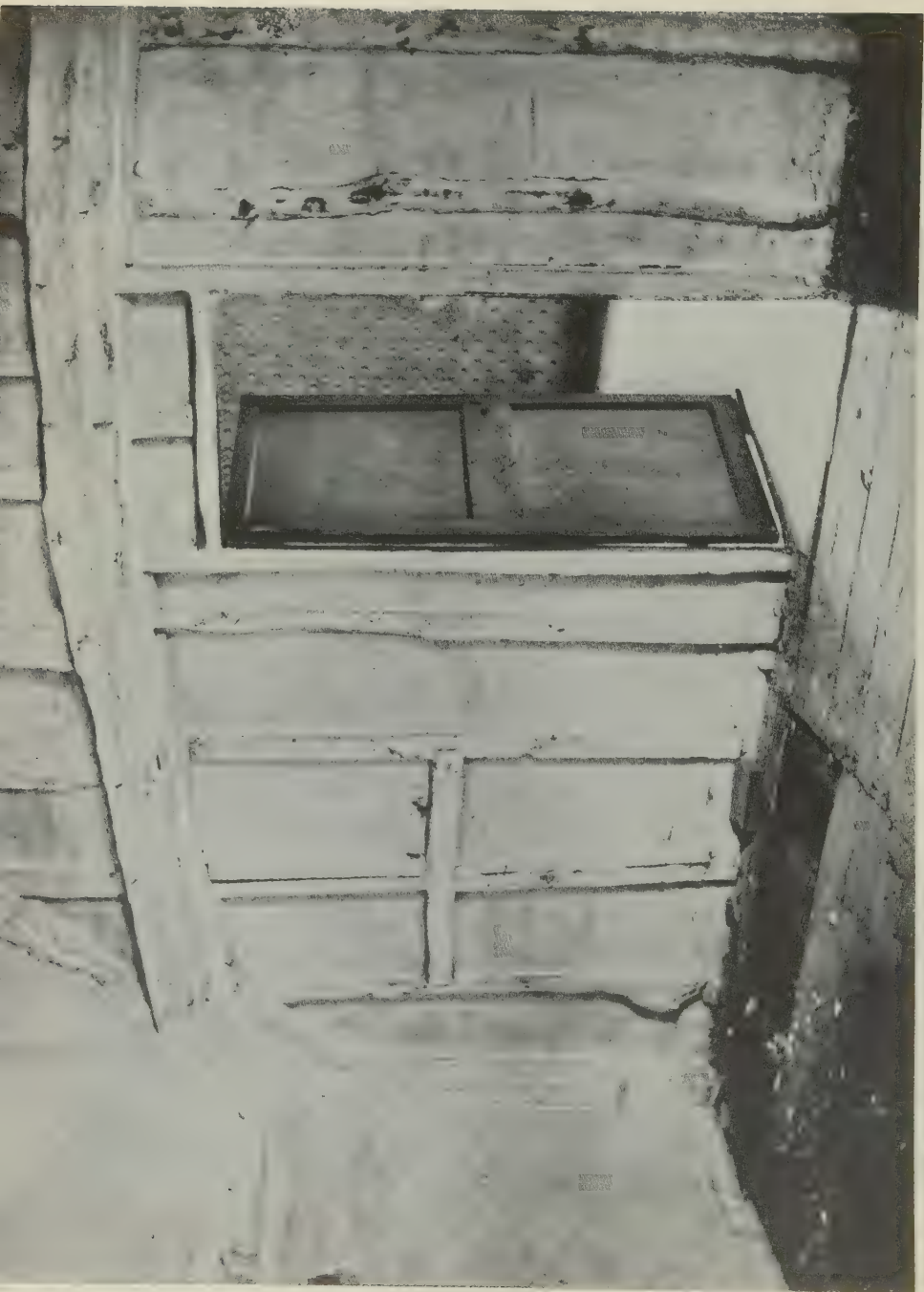
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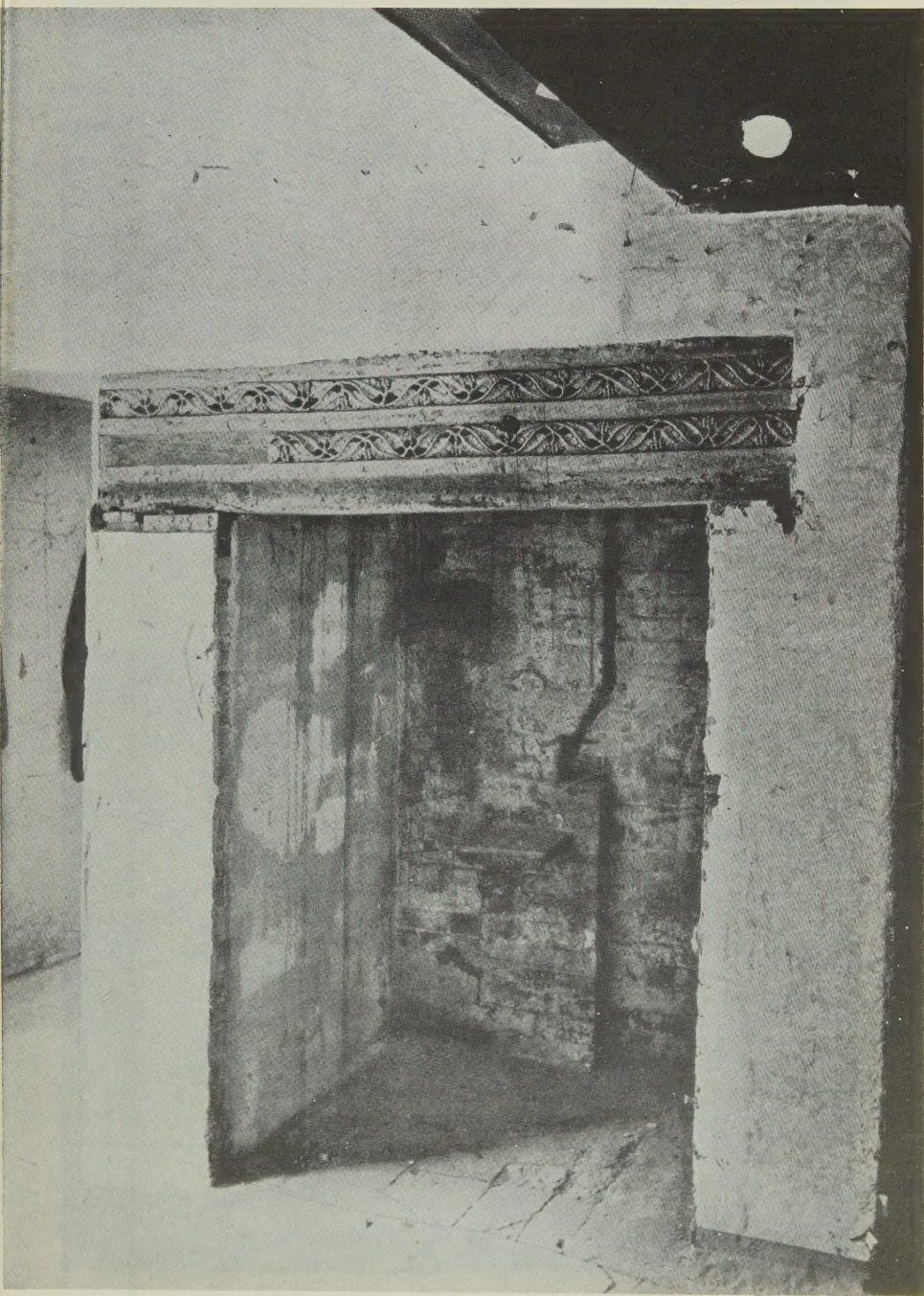


CORNER OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

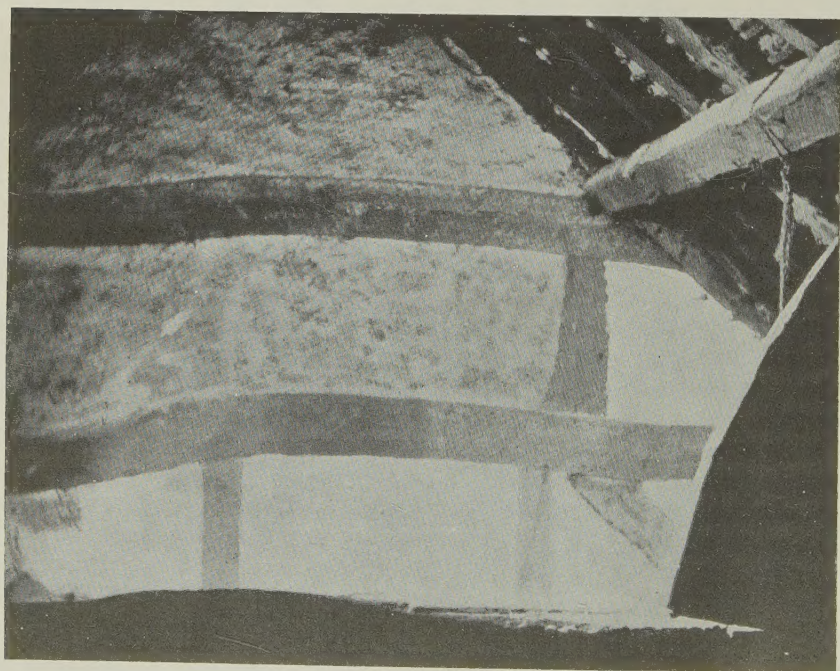
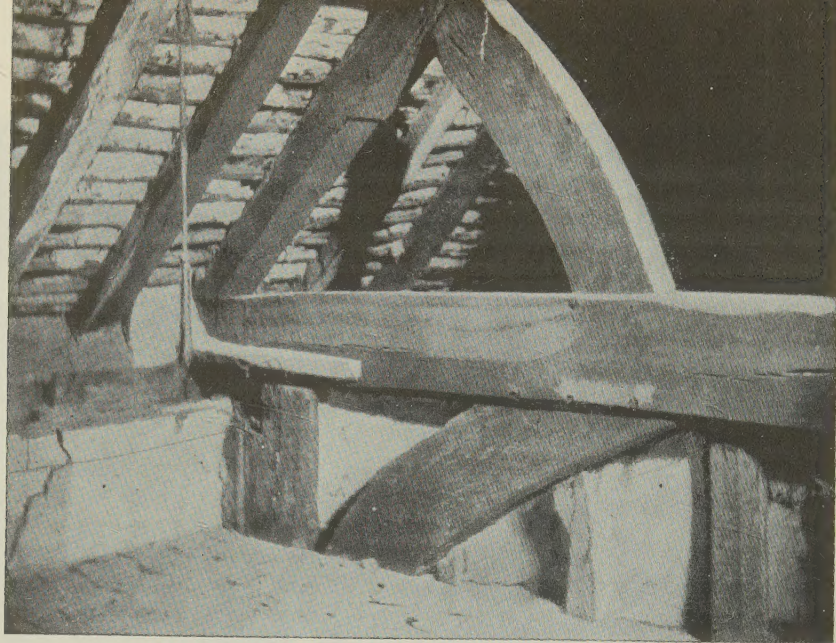
Showing the proximity of Messrs. Flowers' Malthouses and of inhabited house close to it, illustrating the real danger of fire which demolition of buildings at the further end of Henley Street will not remove.



INTERIOR OF BIRCH'S SHOP: OLD TIMBERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

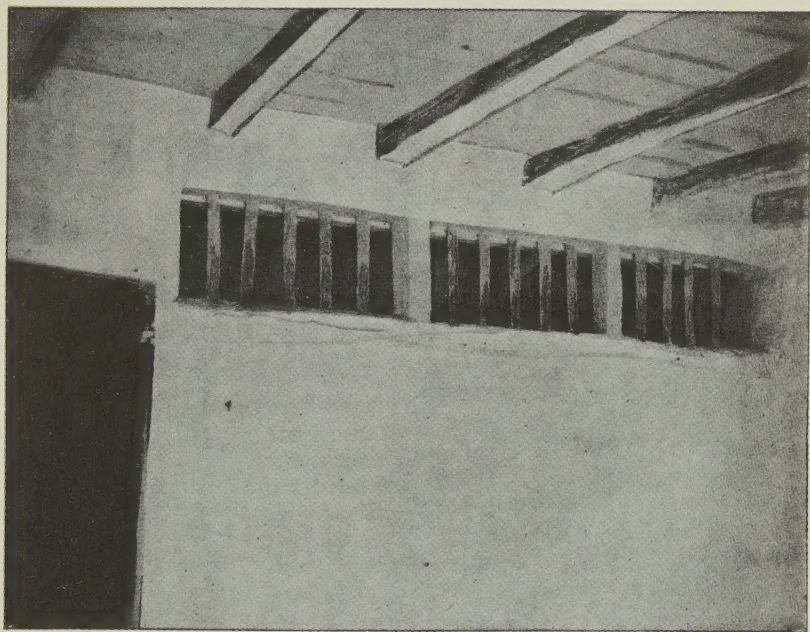


INTERIOR OF BIRCH'S SHOP, 1563: OLD FIREPLACE, OAK CARVING.

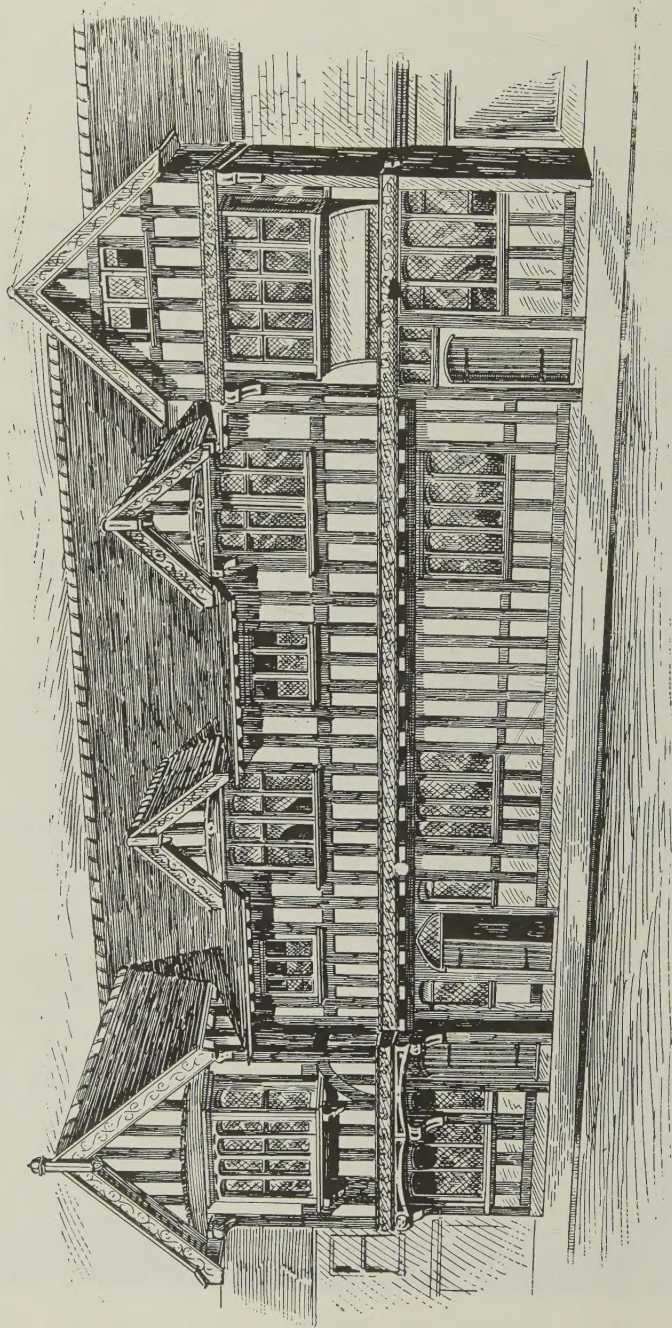


OLD TIMBERS AND PORTION OF ROOF AND CEILING IN THE HOUSE FORMERLY
BELONGING TO THE SHAKESPEARE FAMILY, WHICH THE STRAT-
FORD ALDERMEN PROPOSED DESTROYING.

Saved by the public agitation initiated by Miss Corelli.



VENTILATING GALLERY IN THE ANCIENT COTTAGES BELONGING TO
THE SHAKESPEARE FAMILY.



THE NEW FREE LIBRARY AND TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

As intended *before* the discussion started by Miss Marie Corelli. Birch's crock shop was to have been incorporated in this. [See Vol. II., page 12, last paragraph.]